

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIX'D,

A N E S S A Y

O N T H E

LYRIC POETRY of the ANCIENTS;

In TWO LETTERS inscribed to

The Right Honourable J A M E S Lord DESKFOORD.

By J O H N O G I L V I E, A. M.



A. Walker del. et sculp.

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SEVERAL

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A N E S S A Y

ON THE

LYRIC POETRY & ROMANCE

IN THE

BY JOHN W. COLEMAN

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AN
ESSAY
ON THE
LYRIC POETRY
OF THE
ANCIENTS.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JAMES Lord DESKFOORD.

AN ESSAY

ON THE
LYRIC POETRY

OF THE
AMERICAN

THESE

THESE

RIGHT HONORABLE

JAMES M. DICKSON

A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
LYRIC POETRY of the ANCIENTS.

L E T T E R I.

MY LORD,

IT is an observation, no doubt, familiar to your Lordship, that Genius is the offspring of Reason and Imagination properly moderated, and co-operating with united influence to promote the discovery, or the illustration of truth. Though it is certain that a separate province is assigned to each of these faculties, yet it often becomes a matter of the greatest difficulty to prevent them from making mutual encroachments, and from leading to extremes which are the more dangerous, because they are brought on by an imperceptible progression.

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tion.—Reason in every mind is an uniform power, and its appearance is regular, and invariably permanent. When this Faculty therefore predominates in the sphere of composition, sentiments will follow each other in connected succession, the arguments employed to prove any point will be just and forcible; the stability of a work will be principally considered, and little regard will be paid to its exterior ornament. Such a work however, though it may be valued by a few for its intrinsic excellence, yet can never be productive of general improvement, as attention can only be fixed by entertainment, and entertainment is incompatible with unvaried uniformity*.

ON the contrary, when Imagination is permitted to bestow the graces of ornament indiscriminately, we either find in the general that sentiments are superficial, and thinly scattered through a work, or we are obliged to search for them beneath a load of superfluous colouring. Such, my Lord, is the appearance of the superior Faculties of the mind when they are disunited from each other, or when either of them seems to be remarkably predominant.

YOUR Lordship is too well acquainted with this subject not to have observed, that in composition, as in common

* Neque ipsa Ratio (says the elegant and sensible Quintilian speaking of Eloquence) tam nos juvaret, nisi quæ concepissemus mente, promere etiam loquendo possemus,—ita, ut non modo orare, sed quod Pericli contigit fulgurare, ac tonare videamur. Institut. Orat. Lib. XI. c. 16.

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mon life, extremes, however pernicious, are not always so distant from each other, as upon superficial inspection we may be apt to conclude. Thus in the latter, an obstinate adherence to particular opinions is contracted by observing the consequences of volatility; indifference ariseth from despising the softer feelings of tenderness; pride takes its origin from the disdain of compliance; and the first step to avarice is the desire of avoiding profusion. Inconveniencies similar to these are the consequences of temerity in canvassing the subjects of speculation. The mind of an Author receives an early bias from prepossession, and the dislike which he conceives to a particular fault precipitates him at once to the opposite extreme. For this reason perhaps it is, that young authors who possess some degree of Genius, affect on all occasions a florid manner*, and clothe their sentiments in the dress of imagery. To them nothing appears so disgusting as dry and lifeless uniformity; and instead of pursuing a middle course betwixt the extremes of profusion and sterility, they are only solicitous to shun that error of which Prejudice hath shown the most distorted resemblance. It is indeed but seldom, that Nature adjusts the intellectual ballance so accurately as not to throw an *unequal weight* into either of the scales.

Such

* This is the manner which Quintilian appropriates particularly to young persons.—In juvenibus etiam uberiora paulo & pene periclitantia feruntur. At in iisdem ficcum, & contractum dicendi propositum plerunque affectatione ipsa severitatis invisum est: quando etiam morum senilis autoritas immatura in adolescentibus creditur. Lib. II. c. I.

Such likewise is the situation of man, that in the first stage of life the predominant Faculty engroffeth *his attention*, as the predominant Passion influenceth *his actions*. Instead therefore of strengthening the weaker power by assisting its exertions, and by supplying its defects, he is adding force to that which was originally too strong; and the same reflection which discovers *his error*, shows him likewise the difficulty of correcting it. Even in those minds, in which the distribution was primarily equal, education, habit, or some early bias is ready to break *that perfect poise* which is necessary to constitute consummate excellence.

FROM this account of the different manners, in which the faculties of the mind exert themselves in the sphere of composition, your Lordship will immediately observe, that the Poet who attempts to combine distant ideas, to catch remote allusions, to form vivid and agreeable pictures; is more apt from the very nature of his profession to set up a *false standard of excellence*, than the cool and dispassionate Philosopher who proceeds deliberately from position to argument, and who employs Imagination only as the Handmaid of a superior faculty. Having gone thus far, like persons who have got into a track from which they cannot recede, we may venture to proceed a step farther; and affirm that the *Lyrical Poet* is exposed to this hazard more nearly than any other, and that to prevent him

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. vii

him from falling into the extreme we have mentioned, will require the exercise of the closest attention.

THAT I may illustrate this observation as fully as the nature of the subject will permit, it will be expedient to enquire into the end which Lyric Poetry proposeth to obtain, and to examine the original standards from which the rules of this art are deduced.

ARISTOTLE, who has treated of poetry at great length, assigns two causes of its origin,—*Imitation* and *Harmony*; both of which are natural to the human mind*. By Imitation he understands, “ whatever employs means to “ represent any subject in a natural manner, whether it “ hath a real or imaginary existence ‡.” The desire of imitating is originally stamped on the mind, and is a source of perpetual pleasure. “ Thus” (says the great Critic) “ though the figures of wild beasts, or of dead “ men, cannot be viewed as they naturally are without “ horror and reluctance; yet the Imitation of these in “ painting is highly agreeable, and our pleasure is augmented in proportion to that degree of resemblance “ which we conceive to subsist betwixt the Original and “ the Copy †.” By Harmony he understands not the num-

* Εοικασί δε γεννησάι μεν όλως την Ποιητικήν, αιτιαί δύο ή αυταί Φυσικαί. Το μι-
μεισθαι συμφυτευ τοις ανθρωποις, &c. Και Αρμονία ή ρυθμός εξ αρχής οι πεφυκότες
προς αυτα μαλιστα κατά μικρόν προαγοντες εγεννησαν την Ποιησιν. Arist. Poet. c. 4.

‡ The Reader of curiosity may see this subject particularly discussed in Dacier's Remarks on the Poeticks of Aristotle, c. 4.

† Α γαρ αυτα λυπηρώς ορωμεν, τούτων τας εικώνας τας μαλιστα ηκριβωμενας, χαίρο-
μεν θεωρουντες, οτινες θηρεων τε μορφας των αγριότατων ή νεκρών, &c. Poet. c. 4.

numbers or measures of poetry only, but that music of language, which when it is justly adapted to variety of sentiment or description, contributes most effectually to unite the pleasing with the instructive *. This indeed seems to be the opinion of all the Ancients who have written on this subject. Thus Plato says expressly, that those Authors who employ numbers and images without music have no other merit than that of throwing prose into measure †.

You will no doubt be of opinion, my Lord, upon reflecting on this subject, that Poetry was originally of an earlier date than Philosophy, and that its different species were brought to a certain pitch of perfection before that Science had been cultivated in an equal degree. Experience informs us on every occasion, that Imagination shoots forward to its full growth, and even becomes wild and luxuriant, when the reasoning Faculty is only beginning to open, and is wholly unfit to connect the series of accurate deduction. The information of the senses (from which Fancy generally borrows her images) always obtains the earliest credit, and makes for that reason the most lasting impressions. The fallies of this irregular Faculty

* Τα γὰρ μέτρα οὗ μοῖρον τῶν ρυθμῶν ἐστὶ, φανερόν. Ub. sup.

† Ρυθμον μὲν καὶ σχήματα μέλῃς χωρὶς λόγῃς ψιλὰς εἰς μέτρα τιθέντες. The persons who do this, he compares to Musicians. Μέλος δὲ αὐτὸ καὶ ρυθμὸς ἀνευ σχημάτων ψιλῇ κιθαρίζει τε καὶ αὐλῇσιν προσχρωμένοι. Plat. de Legib. Lib. XI.

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culty are likewise abrupt and instantaneous, as they are generally the effects of a sudden impulse which reason is not permitted to restrain. As therefore we have already seen, that the desire of imitating is *innate* to the mind (if your Lordship will permit me to make use of an unphilosophical epithet) and as the first inhabitants of the world were employed in the culture of the field, and in surveying the scenery of external Nature, it is probable that the first rude draughts of Poetry were extemporary effusions, either descriptive of the scenes of pastoral life, or extolling the attributes of the Supreme Being. On this account Plato says that Poetry was originally *Εὐδεῖα Μίμησις* *, or an inspired imitation of those objects which produced either pleasure or admiration. To paint those objects which produced pleasure was the business of the pastoral, and to display those which raise admiration was the task consigned to the Lyric Poet.—To excite this passion, no method was so effectual as that of celebrating the perfections of the Powers who were supposed to preside over Nature. The Ode therefore in its first formation was a song in honour of these Powers †, either sung at solemn festivals or after the days of Amphion who was the inven-

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tor

* Plat. Io.

† Nec prima illa post secula per ætates sane complures alio Lyrici spectarunt, quam ut Deorum laudes ac decora, aut virorum fortium res preclare gestas Hymnis ac Pæanibus, ad templa & aras complecterentur;—ut ad emulationem captos admiratione mortales invitarent. Strad. Prolus. 4 Poet.

tor of the Lyre, accompanied with the musick of that instrument. Thus Horace tells us,

*Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Divorum**,

The Muse to nobler subjects tun'd her lyre,

Gods, and the sons of Gods her song inspire. FRANCIS.

IN this infancy of the arts, when it was the business of the Muse, as the same Poet informs us,

Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;

Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,

Oppida moliri, leges includere ligno†.

Poetic Wisdom mark'd with happy mean,

Public and private, sacred and profane,

The wandering joys of lawless love suppress,

With equal rites the wedded couple blest,

Plann'd future towns, and instituted laws, &c. FRANCIS.

your Lordship will immediately conclude that the species of Poetry which was first cultivated (especially when its end was to excite admiration) must for that reason have been the *loosest* and the most *undetermined*. There are indeed particular circumstances, by the concurrence of which one branch of an Art may be rendered perfect; when it is first introduced; and these circumstances were favourable to the Authors of the Eclogue. But whatever some readers may think, your Lordship will not look upon it as a paradox, to affirm that the same causes which produced

* Hor. de Art. Poet.

† Id. ibid.

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duced this advantage to pastoral poetry, contributed in an equal degree to make the first Lyric Poems the most vague, uncertain, and disproportioned standards.

IN general it may be observed, that the difficulty of establishing rules is always augmented in proportion to the variety of objects which an Art includes. Pastoral Poetry is defined by an ingenious Author, to be an imitation of what may be supposed to pass among Shepherds*. This was accomplished the more easily by the first performers in this art, because they were themselves employed in the occupation which they describe, and the subjects which fell within their sphere must have been confined to a very narrow circle. They contented themselves with painting in the simplest language the external beauties of nature, and with conveying an image of that age in which men generally lived on the footing of equality, and followed the dictates of an understanding uncultivated by Art. In succeeding ages, when manners became more polished, and the refinements of luxury were substituted in place of the simplicity of Nature, men were still fond of retaining an idea of this happy period (which perhaps originally existed in its full extent, only in the imagination of Poets) and the character of a perfect pastoral was

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* Toute Poesie est une imitation. La Poesie Bucolique a pour but d'imiter ce qui a passe et ce qui se dit entre les Bergers. Mem. de Lit. V. III. p. 158.

justly drawn from the writings of those Authors who first attempted to excel in it *.

THOUGH we must acknowledge, that the poetic representations of a *golden age* are chimerical, and that descriptions of this kind were not always measured by the standard of truth; yet it must be allowed at the same time, that at a period when Manners were uniform and natural, the Eclogue, whose principal excellence lies in exhibiting simple and lively pictures of common objects and common characters, was brought at once to a state of greater perfection by the persons who introduced it, than it could have arrived at in a more improved and enlightened æra.

YOU will observe, my Lord, that these circumstances were all of them unfavourable to Lyric Poetry. The Poet in this branch of his Art proposed as his principal aim to excite Admiration, and his mind without the assistance of critical skill was left to the unequal task of presenting succeeding ages with the rudiments of Science. He was at liberty indeed to range through the ideal world, and to collect images from every quarter; but in this research he proceeded without a guide, and his imagination

* Elle ne doit pas s'en tenir à la simple représentation du vrai réel, qui rarement seroit agreable; elle doit s'élever jusqu'au *vrai idéal*, qui tend à embellir le vrai, tel qu'il est dans la nature, et qui produit dans la Poésie comme dans la Peinture, le dernière point de perfection, &c. Mem. de Lit. ub. sup.

gination like a fiery courser with loose reins was left to pursue that path into which it deviated by accident, or was enticed by temptation. In short, Pastoral Poetry takes in only a few objects, and is characterized by that simplicity, tenderness, and delicacy which were happily and easily united in the work of an ancient Shepherd. He had little use for the rules of criticism, because he was not much exposed to the danger of infringing them. The Lyric Poet on the other hand took a more diversified and extensive range, and his imagination required a strong and steady rein to correct its vehemence, and restrain its rapidity. Though therefore we can conceive without difficulty, that the Shepherd in his poetic effusions might contemplate only the *external objects* which were presented to him, yet we cannot so readily believe that the mind in framing a Theogony, or in assigning distinct provinces to the Powers who were supposed to preside over Nature, could in its first Essays proceed with so calm and deliberate a pace through the fields of invention, as that its work should be the perfect pattern of just and corrected composition.

FROM these observations laid together, your Lordship will judge of the state of Lyric Poetry, when it was first introduced, and will perhaps be inclined to assent to a part of the proposition laid down in the beginning, " that
 " as Poets in general are more apt to set up a false stan-
 " dard

“ dard of excellence than Philosophers are, so the Lyric
“ Poet was exposed to this danger more immediately
“ than any other member of the same profession.” Whether or not the preceding Theory can be justly applied to the works of the first Lyric Poets, and how far the Ode continued to be characterised by it in the more improved state of ancient Learning, are questions which can only be answered by taking a short view of both.

It is indeed, my Lord, much to be regretted, that we have no *certain guide* to lead us through that labyrinth in which we *grobe for the discovery* of Truth, and are so often *entangled in the maze* of Error when we attempt to explain the origin of Science, or to trace the manners of remote antiquity. I should be at a loss to enter upon this perplexed and intricate subject, if I did not know, that History has already familiarized to your Lordship the principal objects which occur in this research, and that it is the effect of extensive knowledge and superior penetration to invigorate the effort of Diffidence, and to repress the surmises of undistinguishing Censure.

THE Inhabitants of Greece who make so eminent a figure in the records of Science, as well as in the History of the progression of Empire, were originally a savage and lawless people, who lived in a state of war with one another, and possessed a desolate country, from which
they

they expected to be driven by the invasion of a foreign enemy*. Even after they had begun to emerge from this state of absolute barbarity, and had built a kind of cities to restrain the encroachments of the neighbouring nations, the inland country continued to be laid waste by the depredations of robbers, and the maritime towns were exposed to the incursions of pirates†. Ingenious as this people naturally were, the terror and suspense in which they lived for a considerable time, kept them unacquainted with the Arts and Sciences which were flourishing in other countries. When therefore a Genius capable of civilizing them started up, it is no wonder that they held him in the highest estimation, and concluded that he was either descended from, or inspired by some of those Divinities whose praises he was employed in rehearsing.

SUCH was the situation of Greece, when Linus, Orpheus, and Museus, the first Poets whose names have reached posterity, made their appearance on the theatre of life. These writers undertook the difficult task of reforming their countrymen, and of laying down a theological and philosophical system‡.—We are informed by
Diogenes

* Thucyd. Lib. I.

† Id. ibid.

‡ Authors are not agreed as to the Persons who introduced into Greece the principles of philosophy. Tatian will have it that the Greek Philosophy came originally from Ægypt. Orat. con. Graec. While Laertius (who

Diogenes Laertius, that Linus, the Father of Grecian Poetry, was the son of Mercury and the Muse Urania, and that he sung of the Generation of the world, of the course of the sun and moon, of the origin of animals, and of the principles of vegetation*. He taught, says the same Author, that all things were formed at one time, and that they were jumbled together in a Chaos, till the operation of a Mind introduced regularity.

AFTER all, however, we must acknowledge, that so complex, so diversified, and so ingenious a system as the Greek Theology, was too much for an *uninstructed* Genius, however exuberant, to have conceived in its full extent. Accordingly we are told, that both Orpheus and Musæus travelled into Ægypt, and infused the traditional learning of a cultivated people into the minds of their own illiterate countrymen†. To do this the more effectually, they composed Hymns, or short sonnets, in which their meaning was couched under the veil of beautiful allegory, that their lessons might at once arrest the
imagination

certainly might have been better informed) will allow Foreigners to have had no share in it. He ascribes its origin to Linus, and says expressly, ΑΦ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ ηρξε Φιλοσοφια ης η αυτο το ονομα την Βαρβαρον απετραπτε προσηγοριαν. Laer. in Proem.

* This account of the subjects on which Linus wrote, suggests a further prejudice in favour of Laertius's opinion as to the origin of Greek Philosophy. He has preserved the first line of his Poem.

Ην ποτε χρόνος ετος εν ω αμα παντ επεφυνε. Id. *ibid.*

† Herod. Lib. I. c. 49.

imagination, and be impressed upon the Memory*. This, my Lord, we are informed by the great Critic, was the first dress in which Poetry made its appearance †.

OF Orpheus we know little more with certainty, than that the subjects of his poems were the formation of the world, the offspring of Saturn, the birth of the Giants, and the origin of man ‡. These were favourite topics among the first Poets, and the discussion of them tended at once to enlarge the imagination, and to give the reasoning faculty a proper degree of exercise. This Poet however, though he obtained the highest honours from his contemporaries, yet seems to have managed his subjects in so loose a manner, that succeeding Writers will not allow him to have been a Philosopher ||. At present we are not sufficiently qualified to determine his character, as most of the pieces which pass under his name are ascribed to one Onomacritus, an Athenian who flourished about the time of Pisistratus. That the writings of Orpheus were highly and extensively useful, is a truth confirmed by the most convincing evidence. The extraordi-

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nary

* Univ. Hist. Vol. VI. p. 221.

† Οι μὲν γὰρ σεμνότεροι τὰς καλὰς ἐμμενυτο πράξεις καὶ τὰς τῶν τοιούτων τύχας· οἱ δὲ εὐτελεστέροι τὰς τῶν Φαυλῶν πρῶτον ψυχὰς ποικίλυντες, ὥσπερ ἑτέροι ΤΜΝΟΥΣ καὶ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ. Arist. Poet. c. 4.

‡ Orph. Argonaut.

|| Εγὼ δὲ εἰ τοῦ περὶ Θεῶν ἐξαγορευόμενα τοιαῦτα· χρη Φιλοσόφον καλεῖν οὐκ οἶδα τίνα δεῖ προαγορεύειν τοῦ τὸ ἀνθρώπειον πάθος ἀφειδούντο τοῖς Θεοῖς προσερίψαι, καὶ τὰ σπᾶνός ὑπο τῶν ἀνθρώπων αἰχρῶν γαμένα, καὶ τῷ ταύτης Φωνῆς ὀργάνῳ. Laer. ub. sup.

nary effects which his Poetry and Music are said to have produced, however absurd and incredible in themselves, are yet unquestioned proofs that he was considered as a superior Genius, and that his countrymen thought themselves highly indebted to him. Horace gives an excellent account of this matter in very few words.

*Sylvestres homines, Sacer, Interpresque Deorum
Cædibus, & victu fædo deterruit Orpheus,
Dicitur ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones*.*

The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tam'd,
From acorns, and from mutual blood reclaim'd.
The Priest divine was fabled to assuage
The tiger's fierceness, and the lion's rage. FRANCIS.

MUSEUS, the Pupil of Orpheus, is as little known to posterity as his Master. His only genuine production which has reached the present times is an Ode to Ceres, a piece indeed full of exuberance and variety†. The Ancients in general seem to have entertained a very high opinion of his Genius and writings, as he is said to have been the first person who composed a regular Theogony, and is likewise celebrated as the inventor of the Sphere‡. His principle

* Hor. de Art. Poet.

† The beautiful story of Hero and Leander, which was written by a person of his name, is thought to have been the work of a Grammarian who lived about the 5th century: a conjecture supported by very probable evidence. See Kenneth's life of Museus, p. 10.

‡ Diogen. Laert. ub. sup.

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ciple was that all things would finally resolve into the same materials of which they were originally compounded *. Virgil assigns him a place of distinguished eminence in the plains of Elysium.

———*sic est affata Sibylla,*

Musæum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba

Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis †.

———The Sibyl thus address'd

Musæus, rais'd o'er all the circling throng.

It is generally allowed that Amphion, who was a native of Bæotia, brought music into Greece from Lydia, and invented that instrument (the Lyre) from which Lyric Poetry takes its name ‡. Before his time they had no

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* Diogen. Laert. ub. sup.

† Æneid. Lib. 6.

‡ It may not be amiss here to give the reader some idea of the structure of the Ancient lyre, whose music is said to have produced such wonderful effects. This instrument was composed of an hollow frame, over which several strings were thrown, probably in some such manner as we see them in an harp, or a dulcimer. They did not so much resemble the viol, as the neck of that instrument gives it peculiar advantages, of which the Ancients seem to have been wholly ignorant. The Musician stood with a short bow in his right hand, and a couple of small thimbles upon the fingers of his left: with these he held one end of the string, from which an acute sound was to be drawn, and then struck it immediately with the bow. In the other parts he swept over every string alternately, and allowed each of them to have its full sound. This practice became unnecessary afterwards, when the instrument was improved by the addition of new strings, to which the

sounds

regular knowledge of this divine art, though we must believe that they were acquainted with it in some measure, as dancing is an art in which we are informed that the earliest Poets were considerable proficient^s *.

SUCH, my Lord, was the character of the first Lyric Poets, and such were the subjects upon which they exercised invention. We have seen, in the course of this short detail, that these Authors attempted to civilize a barbarous people, whose imagination it was necessary to seize by every possible expedient; and upon whom chastised composition would have probably lost its effect, as its beauties are not perceptible to the rude and illiterate. That they employed this method principally to instruct their countrymen is more probable, when we remember that the rudiments of learning were brought from Ægypt, a country in which Fable and Allegory remarkably pre-
domi-

sounds corresponded. Horace tells us, that in his time the lyre had seven strings, and that it was much more musical than it had been originally. Addressing himself to Mercury, he says

—————*Te docilis magistra*
Movit Amphion lapides canendo :
Tuque Testudo, resonare septem
Callida nervis ;
Nec loquax olim, neque grata &c. Carm. Lib. III. Od. 11.

For a further account of this instrument, we shall refer the reader to Quintilian's Institutions. Lib. XII. c. 10.

* Particularly Orpheus and Museus. Lucian says in the general. Τέλε-
την αρχαίαν ῥαψωδίαν ἐστὶν εὐρεῖν αὐτοῦ ὀρχήσεως. Lib. de Salt.

dominated *. By conversing with this people, it is natural to suppose that men of impetuous imaginations would imbibe their manner, and would adopt that species of composition as the most proper, which was at the same time agreeable to their own inclination, and authorised as expedient by the example of others.

FROM the whole, my Lord, we may conclude with probability, that the Greek Hymn was originally a loose allegorical Poem, in which Imagination was permitted to take its full career, and sentiment was rendered at once obscure and agreeable, by being screened behind a veil of the richest poetic imagery.

THE loose fragments of these early writers which have come down to our times, render this truth as conspicuous as the nature of the subject will permit. A Theogony, or an account of the procreation of fabulous Deities, was a theme on which Imagination might display her inventive power in its fullest extent. Accordingly Hesiod introduces his work with recounting the genealogy of the Muses, to whom he assigns “ an apartment and attendants “ near the summit of snowy Olympus †.” These Ladies, he

* This allegorical learning was so much in use among the Ægyptians, that the Disciples of a Philosopher were bound by an oath. *Εν υποκρυφοῖς ταῦτα εἶναι· καὶ τοῖς ἀπαιδευτοῖς καὶ ἀμυνητοῖς μὴ μεταδιδόναι.* Vid. Seld. de Diis Syr.

† ————— *Ἦσιν αἰοδῆ*

Μεμελεται, ἐν στηθεσὶν ἀκηδεα θυμου εἰσταις

Τυτθον ἀπ ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς νιφεντος Ὀλυμποῦ.

Εὐθα σφιν λιπαροὶ τε χοροὶ, καὶ δώματα καλά. Theog. a lin. 61.

he tells us, “ came to pay him a visit, and complimented
 “ him with a scepter and a branch of laurel, when he
 “ was feeding his flock on the mountain of Helicon *.”
 Some tale of this kind it was usual with the Poets to invent, that the vulgar in those ages of fiction and ignorance might consider their persons as sacred, and that the *offspring of their imaginations* might be regarded as *the children of Truth*.

FROM the same licentious use of Allegory and Metaphor sprung the Fables of the wars of the Giants, of the birth and education of Jupiter, of the dethroning of Saturn, and of the provinces assigned by the Supreme to the Inferior Deities ; all of which are subjects said to have been particularly treated by Orpheus †. The love of Fable became indeed so remarkably prevalent in the earliest ages, that it is now impossible in many instances to distinguish real from apparent truth in the History of these times, and to discriminate the persons who were useful members of society, from those who exist only in the works of a Poet, whose aim was professedly to excite Admiration. Thus every event of importance was disfigured by the colouring of poetic narration, and by ascribing to one man the separate actions which perhaps were per-

* Ως εφασαν Πουραι μεγαλη Δι' αρετιαι·
 Και μοι σκεπτεσθαι εδον, δαφνης εριθελες εζω
 Δρεψασθαι θνητων· επεινεσαν δε μοι αυτην &c.

Theogon. l. 30.

† Orph. Hym. in Apollon. Rhod.

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. xxiii

performed by several persons of one name*, we are now wholly unable to disentangle truth from a perplexed and complicated detail of real and fictitious incidents.

It appears likewise from these shreds of antiquity, that the subjects of the Hymn were not sufficiently limited, as we sometimes find one of them addressed to several Deities, whose different functions recurring constantly to the mind must have occasioned unavoidable obscurity †. The Poet by this means was led into numberless digressions, in which the remote points of connection will be imperceptible to the reader, who cannot place himself in some situation similar to that of the Writer, and attend particularly to the character and manners of the period at which he wrote.

YOUR

* Of this, History furnisheth many examples. When one man made an eminent figure in any profession, the actions of other persons who had the same name were ascribed to him; and it was perhaps partly for this reason that we find different cities contending for the honour of giving birth to men of Genius, or eminence. Callimachus in his Hymn to Jupiter makes an artful use of this circumstance.

Εν δόμῃ μάλα θυμός· ἐπεὶ γένος ἀμφοτέρων.
 Ζεὺς σε μὲν Ἰδαιίοισιν ἐν οὐρεσὶ φασὶ γενέσθαι.
 Ζεὺς σε δ' ἐν Ἀρκαδίῃ· πωτέροι Πατέρ εψεύσαντο
 Κρήτες αἰεὶ ψεύσαι· καὶ γὰρ τάφον, ὦ ἀνα σείο
 Κρήτες ἐτεκίνησαντο· σὺ δ' οὐ θάνης· ἐσσι γὰρ αἰεὶ. Callim. p. 4.

† Thus Theocritus.

Ἕμνεομένης Ἀνδᾶς. Τε καὶ αἰγιοχῶ Διὶ γῆνι,
 Καστορᾷ καὶ Φοβερῷ Πολυδεύκεα πύξ ἐρεθίζου.
 Ἕμνεομένης καὶ Διὸς, καὶ τοῦ Τρίτου.

YOUR Lordship, without the testimony of experience, would hardly believe that a species of composition which derived its origin from, and owed its peculiarities to the circumstances we have mentioned, could have been considered in an happier æra as a pattern worthy the imitation of cultivated genius, and the perusal of a polished and civilized people. One is indeed ready to conclude, at the first view, that a mode of writing which was assumed for a particular purpose, and was adapted to the manners of an illiterate age, might at least have undergone considerable alterations in succeeding periods, and might have received improvements proportioned to those which are made in other branches of the same art. But the fact is, that while the other branches of poetry have been gradually modelled by the rules of criticism, the Ode hath only been changed in a few external circumstances, and the enthusiasm, obscurity and exuberance, which characterised it when first introduced, continue to be ranked among its capital and discriminating excellencies.

To account for this phænomenon, my Lord, I need only remind your Lordship of a truth which reflection has, no doubt, frequently suggested;—that the rules of criticism are originally drawn, not from the speculative idea of perfection in an art, but from the work of that Artist to whom either merit or accident hath appropriated

ated the most established character. From this position it obviously follows, that such an art must arrive at once to its highest perfection, as the attempts of succeeding performers are estimated not by their own intrinsic *value* or demerit, but by their conformity to a standard which is previously set before them. It hath happened fortunately for the republic of letters, that the two higher species of poetry are exempted from the bad consequences which might have followed an exact observation of this rule. An early and perfect standard was settled to regulate the Epopee, and the Drama was susceptible of *gradual improvement*, as Luxury augmented the subjects, and decorated the machinery of the theatre. We have already seen that Lyric Poetry was not introduced with the advantages of the former, and reflection must convince us, that it is not calculated to gain the slow and imperceptible accessions of the latter. We may observe however in the general, that as the opinions of the bulk of mankind in speculative matters are commonly the result of accident rather than the consequences of reflection, so it becomes extremely difficult, if not impossible, in some instances to point out a defect in an *established model* without incurring the censure of the multitude. Such, my Lord, is the nature of man, and so trifling and capricious are the circumstances upon which his sentiments depend.

ACCUSTOMED as your Lordship has been to survey the improved manners of an enlightned age, you will contemplate with pleasure an happier aera in the progression of Science, when the Ode from being confined wholly to fictitious Theology, was transposed to the circle of Elegance and the Graces. Such is its appearance in the writings of Anacreon, of Horace, and in the two fragments of Sappho.

ANACREON was nearly contemporary with that Onomacritus, whom we have mentioned as the Author of those poems which are ascribed to Orpheus. He flourished between the 60th and the 70th Olympiad. His pieces are the offspring of genius and indolence. His subjects are perfectly suited to his character. The devices which he would have to be carved upon a silver cup are extremely ingenious.

——— Διος γονον

Βακχον Ευιον ημιν.

Μυστιν αματε Κυπριν

Υμεναιοις κροτουσαν.

Και Ερωτας αποπλους

Και χαριτας γελωσας, &c.*

———The race of Jove,

Bacchus whose happy smiles approve;

The

* Anac. Carm. p. 35.

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. xxvii

The Cyprian Queen, whose gentle hand
Is quick to tye the nuptial band;
The sporting Loves unarm'd appear,
The Graces loose and laughing near.

SWEETNESS and natural elegance characterise the writings of this Poet, as much as carelessness and ease distinguished his manners. In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination, as in that particularly which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed into a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites*. This is meer sport and wantonness, and the Poet would probably have excused himself for it, by alledging that he took no greater liberties in his own sphere than his predecessors of the same profession had done in another. His indolence and love of ease is often painted with great simplicity and elegance†, and his writings abound with those beautiful and unexpected turns which are characteristic of every species of the Ode‡.

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THOUGH

* Anac. p. 87.

† This appears remarkably in that piece, where he gives so ingenuous a character of himself.

Ου μοι μελει Γυγας
Του Σαρδων Ανακλος &c.
Το σημερον μελει μοι. p. 28.

‡ The reader will find a striking example of this beauty, in the Ode addressed to a swallow, where he runs a comparison betwixt the liberty of that bird and his own bondage.

Συ μεν φιλη χειδων, &c. p. 60.

THOUGH we must allow Anacreon to have been an original Genius, yet it is probable, as I formerly observed, that he took Lyric Poetry as he found it; and without attempting to correct imperfections, of which he might have been sensible, made on the contrary the same use of this which a man of address will do of the foibles of his neighbour, by employing them to promote his own particular purposes. We may conclude indeed from the character of this Poet, that he was not fitted to strike out new lights in the field of Science, or to make considerable deviations from the practice of his Predecessors. He was, no doubt, of opinion likewise, that his manner was authorised in some measure by the example of the Mitylenian Poets, whose pieces are celebrated for softness and delicacy *, and who possessed above all others the art of selecting the happiest circumstances which she placed likewise in the most striking points of view †. Longinus produceth, as a proof of this, her fine Ode inscribed to a favourite attendant, in which the progression of that tumultuous emotion, which deprived her of her senses, is described with peculiar elegance and sensibility ‡.

* Thus Horace represents her

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Æoliis fidibus quærentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus. Lib. II. Od. 13.

† Θεοῦ ἡ Σαπφὼ τὰ συμβαινόντα ταῖς ἐρωτικαῖς μανίαις πάθηματα ἐκ τῶν παρεπομένων, καὶ ἐκ τῆς ἀληθείας, αὐτῆς ἐκαστοτὲ λαμβάνει, &c. De Lub. c. 10.

‡ Longinus speaks with transport of this beautiful fragment of antiquity.
Οὐ θαυμάζεις ὡς ὑπ' αὐτὸ τὴν ψυχὴν τὸ σῶμα τὰς ἀκοὰς τὴν γλῶσσαν τὰς οφθαλμοὺς τὴν
χροάν,

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. xxix

WE are at a loss to judge of the character of Alcæus, the countryman and rival of Sappho, because scarce any fragment of his writings has reached the present times. He is celebrated by the Ancients as a spirited Author, whose poems abounded with examples of the sublime and vehement. Thus Horace says, when comparing him to Sappho, that he sung so forcibly of wars, disasters, and shipwrecks, that the Ghosts stood still to hear him in silent astonishment*. The same Poet informs us, that he likewise sung of Bacchus, Venus, the Muses, and Cupid†. From these sketches of his character we may conclude that his pieces were distinguished by those marks of rapid and uncontrouled imagination, which we have found to characterise the works of the first Lyric Poets.

YOUR Lordship needs not be told, that the Roman Poet who had the advantage of improving upon so many originals, takes in a greater variety of subjects than any of his

χροαν, πανθ' ως αλλοτρια διοιχομενα επιζητει. Και καθ' υπευθυνωσεις αμα ψυχεται, καιεται, αλογισει, φρονει—ινα μη εν τι περι αυτην παθος φαινεται, παθων δε ΣΥΝΟΔΟΣ. De Lub. c. 10.

* *Te sonantem plenius aureo
Alcæe plectro, dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur Umbræ dicere.*—Hor. ub. sup.

† *Liberum & Musas, Veneremque & illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat,
Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque*

Crine decorum. Carm. Lib. I. Od. 32.

his predecessors, and runs into more diffuse and diversified measure. I have said, my Lord, that his subjects are more diversified, because in the character of a Lyric Poet we must consider him as a professed imitator both of Anacreon and of Pindar. In the former point of view he falls under our immediate cognisance; in the latter we shall take a view of him afterwards, when we come to examine the works of that great Original, whose example he follows.

THE Reader will observe, that in the shorter Odes of Horace there is commonly one leading thought, which is finely enlivened with the graces of description. A constant Unity of sentiment is therefore preserved in each of them, and the abrupt starts and sallies of passion are so artfully interwoven with the principal subject, that upon a review of the whole piece, we find it to be a perfect imitation of Nature. This Poet (whose judgment appears to have been equal to his imagination) is particularly careful to observe propriety in his most irregular excursions, and the vivacity of his passion is justified by the circumstances in which he is supposed to be placed. The diction of these poems is likewise adapted with great accuracy to the sentiment, as it is generally concise, forcible, and expressive. Brevity of language ought indeed particularly to characterise this species of the Ode, in which the Poet writes from immediate feeling, and is intensely

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. xxxi

animated by his subject. Delicacy is likewise indispensably requisite, because the reader is apt to be disgusted with the least appearance of constraint or harshness in a poem, whose principal excellence lies in the happy and elegant turn of a pointed reflection. In short, little sallies and picturesque epithets have a fine effect in pieces of this kind, as by the former the passions are forcibly inflamed, and by the latter their effects are feelingly exposed.

OF all these delicate beauties of composition, the Odes of Horace abound with pregnant and striking examples. Sometimes he discovers the strength of his passion, when he is endeavouring to forget it, by a sudden and lively turn which is wholly unexpected. Thus he tells Lydia,

*Non si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit*.*

SOMETIMES his pictures are heightened with beautiful imagery, and he seizes the imagination before he appeals to reason. Thus, when he is advising his friend not to mourn any longer for a man who was dead, instead of proposing the subject immediately he says,

Non

* Carm. Lib. I. Od. 13.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispides

*Manant in agros, &c.**

Not always snow, and hail, and rain

Descend, and beat the fruitful plain. CREECH.

ON other occasions he breaks abruptly into a short and spirited transition.

Auditis? an me ludit amabilis

Insania? audire et videor pios

Errare per lucos, amœnæ

Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ †.

Dos't hear? or sporting in my brain,

What wildly-sweet deliriums reign!

Lo! mid Elysium's balmy groves,

Each happy shade transported roves!

I see the living scene display'd,

Where rills and breathing gales sigh murmuring thro' the shade.

ON some subjects he is led imperceptibly into a soft melancholy, which peculiar elegance of expression renders extremely agreeable in the end of this poem. There is a fine stroke of this kind in his Ode to Septimius, with whom he was going to fight against the Cantabrians. He figures out a poetical recess for his old age, and then says,

Ille

* Carm. Lib. II. Od. 9.

† Id. Lib. III. Od. 4.

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. xxxiii

*Ille te mecum locus, et beatæ
Postulant arces, ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lachryma favillam
Vatis amici*.*

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it rise,
Your latest hours, and mine await;
And when your Poet Horace dyes;
There the deep sigh thy poet-friend shall mourn,
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn. FRANCIS.

UPON the whole, my Lord, you will perhaps be of opinion, that though the subjects of this second species of the Ode are wholly different from these of the first; yet the same variety of images, boldness of transition, figured diction, and rich colouring which characterised this branch of poetry on its original introduction, continue to be uniformly and invariably remarkable in the works of succeeding performers. Reflection indeed will induce us to acknowledge, that in this branch of Lyric Poetry the Author may be allowed to take greater liberties than we could permit him to do in that which has formerly been mentioned. It is the natural effect of any passion by which the mind is agitated, to break out into short and abrupt sallies which are expressive of its impetuosity, and of an imagination heated, and starting in the

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* Carm. Lib. II. Od. 6.

tumult of thought from one object to another. To follow therefore the workings of the mind in such a situation and to paint them happily, is in other words to copy Nature. But your Lordship will observe, that the transitions of the Poet who breaks from his subject to exhibit an historical detail whose connection with it is remote, or who is solicitous to display the fertility of a rich imagination at the expence of perspicuity, when it is not supposed that his passions are inflamed: you will observe, my Lord, that his digressions are by no means so excusable as those of the other, because obscurity in the latter may be an excellence, whereas in the former it is always a blemish.

It is only necessary to observe farther on this head, that the difference of the subjects treated by Anacreon and Horace, from those of Orpheus, Museus, &c. is owing to the different characters of the ages in which they lived. We could not indeed have expected to meet with any thing very serious, at any period, from so indolent and careless a writer as Anacreon. But Luxury even in his time had made considerable progress in the world. The principles of Theology were sufficiently well established. Civil polity had succeeded to a state of confusion, and men were become fond of ease and affluence, of wine and women. Anacreon lived at the court of a voluptuous Monarch*, and had nothing to divert his mind from

* Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos.

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the pursuit of happiness in his own way. His Odes therefore are of that kind, in which the gentler Graces peculiarly predominate. Sappho and Horace were employed in the same manner. The Lady had a Gallant, of whom it appears that she was extremely fond, and the Roman Poet lived in a polite court, was patronized by a man of distinguished eminence, and was left at full liberty to pursue that course of life to which he was most powerfully prompted by inclination.

THE poetic vein in these Writers takes that turn, which a stranger must have expected upon hearing their characters. Their pieces are gay, entertaining, loose, elegant, and ornamented with a rich profusion of the graces of description. The reader of sensibility will receive the highest pleasure from perusing their works, in which the internal movements of the mind warmed by imagination, or agitated by passion, are exposed in the happiest and most agreeable attitudes. This, perhaps, is the principal excellence of the looser branches of poetic composition. The mind of the Poet in these pieces is supposed to be intensely kindled by his subject. His Fancy assumes the rein, and the operation of reason is for a moment suspended. He follows the impulse of enthusiasm, and throws off those simple but lively strokes of Nature and Passion, which can only be felt, and are beyond imitation.

*Ut sibi quisvis**Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret**Ausus idem *!*

All may hope to imitate with ease:

Yet while they strive the same success to gain,

Shall find their labour and their hopes are vain. FRANCIS.

THE unequal measures which are used in these shorter Odes, are likewise adapted with great propriety to the subjects of which they treat. Horace says, that this inequality of numbers was originally fixed upon as expressive of the complaints of a lover; but he adds, that they became quickly expressive likewise of his exultation.

*Versibus impariter junctis Querimonia primum**Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos †.*

Unequal measures first were taught to flow,

Sadly expressive of the Lover's woe.

THESE looser and shorter measures distinguish this branch of the Ode from the Hymn which was composed in heroic measure ‡, and from the Pindaric Ode (as it is commonly called) to which the dithyrambique or more diversified stanza was particularly appropriated. Of the shorter Ode therefore it may be said with propriety,

Son

* Hor. de Art. Poet.

† Id. ibid.

‡ Aristotle expressly mentions this circumstance, when he explains the Origin of the Drama. Παραφανείσας δὲ τῆς Τραγωδίας καὶ Κωμωδίας, οἱ ἐφ' ἑκάτερον τῇ ποιήσεν ἁρμονίαις κατὰ τὴν οἰκίαν φύσιν οἱ μὲν ἀντὶ τῶν Ἰαμβῶν, Κωμωδοποιοὶ γέγονον· οἱ δὲ ἀντὶ τῶν Εὔπων τραγωδιδασκαλοὶ, διὰ τὴν μείζω καὶ ἐνιμότερα τὰ χημάτα εἶναι ταῦτα ἐκείνων. Arist. Poet. c. 4.

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*Son stile impetueux souvent marche au hazard
Chez un beau desordre est un effet de l'art *.*

THUS, my Lord, we have taken a view of the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, as it appeared originally in the works of the earliest Poets, and as it was afterwards employed to enliven a train of more elegant and delicate sentiment. I have attempted, in the course of this enquiry, to follow the lights which Antiquity throws on this subject as closely as possible, to explain facts by placing them in connection, and to illustrate reasoning by example.

YOUR Lordship's acquaintance with the principles of civil Government, and your experience of the effects of education have enabled you to observe the *character*, which the Manners of an age stamp upon the productions of the Authors who live in it. Experience will convince us, that these general revolutions resemble more nearly than we are apt to imagine at first view, the circumstances of an Individual at the different periods of life. In one age he is captivated by the beauties of description, at another he is fond of the deductions of Philosophy; his opinions vary with his years, and his actions, as directed by these, are proportionably diversified. In all these circumstances however, the original bias which he received from Nature remains unalterable, and the peculiarity of his character appears conspicuous, notwithstanding

* Boil. Art. Poet.

standing the accidental diversity of fluctuating sentiments. It is to be expected in such a situation, that changes similar to these will usually take place in arts which are susceptible of perpetual mutation; and of this a particular instance is exhibited in the preceding detail. Another branch of this subject remains to be considered, and on this I shall give your Lordship the trouble of perusing a few remarks in a subsequent letter. Permit me only to observe, from what hath already been advanced, that the ingredients of Genius are often bestowed by Nature, when the polish of Art is wanted to mould the original materials into elegant proportion. He who possesseth the former in the highest degree may be a Shakespear or an Æschylus; but both were united in forming the more perfect characters of Demosthenes and Homer.

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LETTER II.

THE view, my Lord, of the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients which has been taken in the preceding part of this Essay, may probably have suggested a Question to your Lordship, to which it is necessary that an answer should be given, before I enter upon that part of the subject which remains to be considered. From the observations formerly made, I am afraid that your Lordship has been looking upon my procedure, as you would have viewed that of the honest Irishman, who pulled an old house about his ears, before he had reflected that it was necessary to substitute a better in its room. In the same manner you will perhaps think, that I have taken a good deal of pains to point out the *Defects* of Lyric Poetry, and to assign the *Causes* which originally produced them; without however establishing the rules of this branch of the Art, and without enquiring what proportion of poetic embellishment naturally belongs to it, considered as distinguished from every other species.

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PERMIT me therefore to observe, that my intention in the preceding remarks will be greatly mistaken, if, when I have been endeavouring to expose the *abuse* of imagination, it should be thought, either that I would wholly repress the excursions of this noble Faculty, or that I would confine its exercise within narrow limits. It must be obvious to every person who reflects on this subject, that Imagination presides over every branch of the Poetic Art, and that a certain infusion of her peculiar beauties is necessary to constitute its real and essential character. The Poet therefore of every denomination may be said with great propriety in an higher sense than the Orator, “to paint to the eyes, and touch the soul, and combat “with shining arms*.” It is from this consideration that Horace says, speaking of Poetry in general,

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor†?*

THOUGH the influence of imagination on every species of Poetry is so obvious, as not to stand in need of illustration, yet we must observe at the same time, that
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* Les grands Orateurs n'emploient que des expressions riches capables de faire valoir leurs raisons. Ils tachent d'éblouir les yeux, et l'esprit, et pour ce sujet ils ne combattent qu'avec des armes brillantes. Lam. Rhet. Liv. IV. c. 13.

† Hor. de Arte Poet.

this power is exerted in different degrees *, as the Poet is led by the nature of that subject to which his Genius hath received the most remarkable bias. Thus the simple beauties of the Eclogue would appear in the same light, when transposed to the Epopee, as plants brought to forced vegetation in a Green-house must do to those who have seen them flourishing in their native soil, and ripened by the benignity of an happier climate. In the one case they are considered as unnatural productions, whose beauty is surpassed by the Natives of the soil; in the other they are regarded as just and decent ornaments, whose real excellence is properly estimated. The same remark may be applied indiscriminately to all the other branches of this art. Though they are originally the offspring of *one Parent*, yet there are certain characteristic marks, by which a general resemblance is fully distinguished from perfect similarity.

IT is necessary to observe in general on this subject, that whatever degree of superiority the reasoning Faculty ought ultimately to possess in the sphere of Composition, we are not to consider this Power as acting the same part in the work of a Poet, which it should always act in that of a Philosopher. In the performance of the latter, an appeal to reason is formally stated, and is carried on by the

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* Una cuique proposita lex, suus decor est. Habet tamen omnis Eloquentia aliquid commune. Quintil. Instit. Lib. X. c. 11.

process of connected argumentation; whereas in that of the former the Judgment is *principally* employed in the disposition of materials*. Thus the Philosopher and the Poet are equally entitled to the character of judicious, when the arguments of the one are just and conclusive, and when the images of the other are apposite and natural.

WHEN

* In the Epopee we judge of the Genius of the Poet, by the variety and excellence of those materials with which Imagination enricheth his subject. His Judgment appears in the disposition of particular images, and in the general relation which every subordinate part bears to the principal action of the Poem. Thus it is the business of this Faculty, as an ingenious Critic says, "Considerer comme un corps qui ne devoit pas avoir des membres de natures differentes, et independens les uns des autres." Bossu du Poem. Epique. Liv. II. ch. 2. It is true indeed, that Tragedy is rather an address to the passions than to the imagination of mankind. To the latter however we must refer all those finer strokes of poetic painting, which actuate so forcibly the affections and the heart. We may, in short, easily conceive the importance of a warm imagination to the Dramatic Poet, by reflecting upon the coldness and indifference with which we peruse those pieces, which are not enlivened by the sallies of this Faculty when it is properly corrected. Though we must acknowledge that Passion seldom adopts the images of description, yet it must be owned at the same time, that neither can a person who wants imagination feel with sensibility the impulse of the Passions. A Poet may even merit a great encomium who excels in painting the effects, and in copying the language of Passion, though the Disposition of his work may be otherwise irregular and faulty. Thus Aristotle says of a celebrated dramatic Poet, *Και Ο Ευριπίδης ει η τα αλλα μη ευ οικονομει, αλλα ΤΡΑΓΙΚΩΤΑΤΟΣ γε των Ποιητων φαινεται.* De Poet. c. 13. Upon the whole therefore, Didactic or Ethical Poetry is the only species in which Imagination acts but a secondary part, because it is unquestionably the business of reason to fix upon the most forcible arguments, as well as to throw them into the happiest disposition. We have seen however, in some late performances, what superior advantages this branch of the Art receives from a just and proper infusion of the poetic idioms.

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WHEN your Lordship reflects on the Nature and End of Lyric Poetry, it will appear to be at least as much characterised by the Graces of ornament as any other species whatever. We have already seen that the Ode was early consecrated to the purposes of Religion, and that it was intended to raise Admiration by extolling the attributes of the Supreme Being. On a subject of this nature the Poet probably thought, that sublime and exuberant imagery was necessary to support the grandeur of those sentiments which were naturally suggested to his mind *. Even when these original topics were laid aside, and the Lyric Muse acted in another sphere, her strains were still employed, either to commemorate the actions of Deified Heroes, or to record the exploits of persons whom rank and abilities rendered eminently conspicuous.

ALL these subjects afford a noble field for the play of imagination, and it is a certain truth that the purity of composition is generally defective, in proportion to that degree of sublimity at which the Poet is capable of arriving †. Great objects are apt to confound and dazzle

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* For this reason, says an ingenious and learned Critic, L'Ode monte dans les Cieux, pour y emprunter ses images et ses comparaisons du tonnerre, des astres, et des Dieux memes, &c. Reflex. Crit. Vol. I. Sect. 33.

† Εγω δε οίδα μεν ως αι υπερβολαι μεγεθος Φυσαι ηκιστα καθαραι. Το γαρ εν παντε ακριβες, κινδυνος σμικροτητος· εν δε τοις μεγεθεσιν ωσπερ εν τοις αγαυις πλεστοις, ειναι τι χρη η παραλιγωρουμενον. Μη ποτε ηδε τυχον η αναγκαιου η, το τας μεν ταπεινας η μεσας Φυσεις δια το μηδαμη παρακινδυνευειν μηδε εφισθαι των ακρων, αναμαρτητως ως επι το πολυ η ασφαλεστερας διαφερειν. Longin. de Sublim. Sect. 33.

the imagination. In proportion as this faculty expands to take them in, its power of conceiving them distinctly becomes less adequate to the subject; and when the mind is overwrought and drained as it were of sentiment, it is no wonder that we find it sometimes attempting to repair this loss, by substituting in the room of true sublimity an affected pomp and exuberance of expression.

THAT we may conceive more fully the propriety of this observation with regard to Lyric Poetry, I shall now proceed to enquire what part Imagination naturally claims in the composition of the Ode, and what are the errors into which the Poet is most ready to be betrayed.

As to the first, I need not tell your Lordship, that whatever Art proposeth as an ultimate end to excite Admiration, must owe its principal excellence to that Faculty of the mind which delights to contemplate the sublime and the wonderful. This indeed may be called the sphere, in which Imagination peculiarly predominates. When we attempt, even in the course of conversation, to paint any object whose magnificence hath made a strong impression upon the memory, we naturally adopt the boldest and most forcible epithets we can think of, to convey our own idea as compleatly as possible to the mind of another. We are prompted by a powerful propensity to retouch our description again and again, we select the most apposite images to animate our expression; in short,

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we fall, without perceiving it, into the stile and figures of poetry. If then Admiration produceth such an effect upon the mind in the more common occurrences of life, we may conceive the superior influence which it must have upon the imagination of a Poet, when it is wound up to the highest pitch, and is placing a great object in every point of light by which its excellence may most conspicuously appear. It will at least be obvious, that in such a situation the feelings of the heart must be more intensely animated than in any other, not only because Genius is supposed to be the Parent of Sensibility, but as the person who is possessed of this quality exerts the full force of his talents and art to produce one particular effect. He endeavours (as Longinus expresseth it) “not
“to be seen himself, but to place the idea which he hath
“formed before the very eye of another *.”

It is a common mistake among people who have not examined this subject, to suppose that a Poet may with greater ease excite Admiration when his theme is sublime, than when it is such as we have been more accustomed to contemplate †. This opinion is indeed plausible at the first view, because it may be said that

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* De Sublim. Sect. 32.

† The reader will observe, that Admiration through the whole of this part of the Essay is taken in the largest sense, as including a considerable degree of wonder, which is however a distinct feeling. The former is excited principally by the sublime; the latter by the new and uncommon. These feelings are united, when a subject of moderate dignity is treated in a sublime manner. See the Essay, p. 47, 48.

we go half-way to meet that Author, who proposeth to reach an end by means which have an apparent probability to effectuate it; but it will appear upon reflection, that this very circumstance, instead of being serviceable, is in reality detrimental to the Poet.

ADMIRATION is a passion which can never be excited in any person, unless when there is something great and astonishing, either in the general disposition of a work or in some of the separate members of which it is formed. Thus we admire a whole piece, when we observe that the parts which compose it are placed in a striking and uncommon combination, and we even consider one happy stroke as an indication of genius in the Artist. It frequently happens that the subject of a Poem is of such a nature, as that its most essential members cannot be set in any light distinct from that in which custom and experience has led us to consider them. Thus when the Poet addressed an Hymn to Jupiter, Diana, or Apollo, he could not be ignorant that his readers were well apprised of the general manner, in which it was necessary to treat of these Personages, and that they would have been offended, if he had presumed to differ in any material point from the opinions handed down by traditionary evidence. It was therefore necessary, that the Poet should manage a subject of this kind in the same manner as Rubens and Caypel have painted the Crucifixion, by either varying

the attitude of the principal object to make it more sublime and admirable, or by rendering some *inferior figure* picturesque and animated which had escaped the notice of his Predecessors. When therefore a sublime object is not shown in some great and uncommon point of view, the Poet sinks in our esteem as much as he would have risen in it, if we had found his Genius equal to his Ambition.

As I have already borrowed one illustration from painting, permit me to recall to your Lordship's memory, that noble figure by which the Church of Rome permitted Raphael to represent the Eternal Father, a figure which has always been considered as one of the greatest ornaments of the galleries of the Vatican*. Any person may conclude that the difficulty of succeeding in this great attempt, must have bore some proportion to the *temerity* (shall we call it) of venturing to design it. If this celebrated Artist had failed of throwing into that figure an Air wholly extraordinary, his Design would either have been considered as rash, or his imagination censured as deficient.

On the contrary, the Poet who chuseth a more unpromising subject, and displays an unexpected fertility of invention

* Raphael is said to have stolen the expression of this figure from Michael Angelo, who was at work on the same subject in another part of the Vatican. We are indebted for this curious anecdote to the ingenious Abbe du Bos. See his Reflex. Crit. sur la Poes. et la Peint. Vol. II.

vention in his manner of treating it, is admired as an Original Genius, and the perusal of his work excites in our mind the most agreeable mixture of surprize and pleasure.

It must immediately occur to any reader who peruseth the Hymn of Callimachus to Jupiter, that the subject was too great to be properly managed by the correct and elegant genius of that writer. Instead of enlarging (as we should have naturally expected) on any particular perfection of this Supreme Deity, or even of enumerating in a poetical manner the attributes which were commonly ascribed to Him, he entertains us coldly with traditionary stories about His birth and education; and the sublime part of his subject is either wholly omitted, or superficially passed over. Thus speaking of the bird of Jove, he says only,

Θηκαιο δ' οἰωνον μεγ' υπειροχον αγγελεωτην,
Σων τεραων· ατ' εμοισι φιλοις ενδεξια φαινοις*.

Thy bird, celestial messenger, who bears
Thy mandate thro' the sky;—O be his flight
Propitious to my friends!

PINDAR introduceth this King of the feathered race in a much nobler and more animated manner. He exhibits with true poetic enthusiasm, as an instance of the power of harmony, the following vivid picture.

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* Callim. Hymn. in Jov. a lin. 68.

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— — — — — ΕΥ—
 δει ἀνα σκάπῳ Διὸς αἰετός, ὠ-
 κείαν πτέρυγ ἀμφοτέρω-
 θεν χαλαζείς,
 Ἀρχῶ αἰώνων· — —
 — — ο δὲ κνωσσών
 ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰώρει, τεαῖς
 ρεπαισὶ κατασχομένος *.

The birds fierce Monarch drops his vengeful ire;
 Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian King,
 The thrilling darts of harmony he feels,
 And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
 While gentle sleep his closing eye-lids seals;
 And o'er his heaving limbs, in loose array
 To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play. WEST.

HOMER never touches this sublime subject, without
 employing the utmost reach of his invention to excite
 admiration in his reader.

Ζεὺς δὲ Πάτηρ ἰδὲθεν εὐτροχὸν ἄρμα καὶ ἵππους
 Ὀλυμποῦδ' ἐδίωκε, θεῶν δ' ἐξεκετο θωκός.
 Τῷ δὲ καὶ ἵππος μὲν λυσε κλυτὸς ἔννοσιγαιῶ
 ἄρματα δ' ἀμβρωμοῖσι τίθει, κατὰ λίτα πετασσας.
 αὐτὸς δὲ χρυσεῖον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύσπα Ζεὺς
 ἔζετο, τῷ δὲ ὑπο ποσσὶ μέγας πελεμιζέτ' Ὀλυμπῶ †.

—The Thund'rer meditates his flight
 From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height.
 Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
 Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky.

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'Twas

* Pind. Pyth. I.

† Iliad. Lib. VIII.

AN ESSAY ON THE

'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base; &c.
He whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer, fate thron'd in gold.
High heav'n the footstool of his feet He makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes. POPE.

I HAVE mentioned these examples, as they shew the light in which a great object will be contemplated by a man of genius; and as the reader will observe that our admiration is not merely excited by the dignity of the theme, but that it results from the great and uncommon circumstances which are happily thrown into the description. Pindar, no doubt, found it a much easier task to raise this passion in favour of Theron, whom he artfully introduceth to the reader's attention, after enquiring of his Muse what God or what distinguished Heroe he should attempt to celebrate *.

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* This is one of the most artful and best conducted of Pindar's Odes. The introduction is abrupt and spirited, and the Heroe of the Poem is shown to great advantage.

Αναξιφορμιγγες υμνοί
τινα θεόν, τιν' ἥρωα,
τινα δ' αὐδρα κελαδιστομένη;
ἦτοι πῶσα μὲν Δίος·
Ολυμπιάδα δ' ἔσ-
σεν Ἡρακλῆς, &c.
Θηρώνα δὲ τετραορίας
ἐνεκα νεκαφόρου
γεγυνητέον ὅπε, &c.

Pind. Olym. 2da.

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It is however obvious, from what hath been advanced on this subject, that whatever may be the nature of the theme on which the Poet insists, it is the business of Fancy to enliven the whole piece with those natural and animating graces which lead us to survey it with admiration. From the whole therefore it appears, that this Faculty of the mind claims an higher share of merit in the composition of the Ode than in any other species of Poetry ; because in the other branches of this art different ends may be obtained, and different expedients may be fallen upon to gain them ; but the most perfect kind of Lyric Poetry admits only of that end, to the attainment of which fertility of Imagination is indispensably requisite.

You will recollect, my Lord, a position laid down in the beginning of this Essay ;—that “ when Imagination “ is permitted to bestow the graces of ornament indiscriminately, sentiments are either superficial, and thinly “ scattered through a work, or we are obliged to search “ for them beneath a load of superfluous colouring.” I shall now endeavour to evince the truth of this reflection, by enquiring more particularly what are the faults into which the Lyric Poet is most ready to be betrayed, by giving a loose rein to that Faculty which colours and enlivens his composition.

It may be observed then in general, that we usually judge of the Genius of a Lyric Poet by the variety of his

images, the boldness of his *transitions*, and the picturesque vivacity of his *descriptions*. I shall under this head trouble your Lordship with a few reflections on each of these considered separately.

By the Images which are employed in the Ode, I mean those illustrations borrowed from *natural* and often from *familiar* objects, by which the Poet either clears up an obscurity, or arrests the attention, and kindles the imagination of his reader. These illustrations have very distinct uses in the different species of poetic composition. The greatest Masters in the Epopee often introduce metaphors, which have only a general relation to the subject; and by pursuing these through a variety of circumstances, they disengage the reader's attention from the principal object. This indeed often becomes necessary in pieces of length, when attention begins to relax by following too closely one particular train of ideas. It requires however great judgment in the Poet to pursue this course with approbation, as he must not only fix upon metaphors which in some points have a striking similarity to the object illustrated, but even the digressive circumstances must be so connected with it, as to exhibit a succession of sentiments which resemble, at least remotely, the subject of his Poem *. It must be obvious, at first view,

* The reader will meet with many examples of this liberty in the Iliad, some of which Mr. Pope has judiciously selected in the notes of his translation.

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view, that as the Lyric Poet cannot adopt this plea, his metaphors will always have the happiest effect, when they correspond to the object in such a manner, as to shew its compleat proportions in the fullest point of view, without including foreign and unappropriated epithets. This however is not the course which a Writer of imagination will naturally follow, unless his judgment restrains the excursions of that excentric faculty. He will, on the contrary, catch with eagerness every image which Fancy enlivens with the richest colouring, and he will contemplate the external beauty of his metaphor, rather than consider the propriety with which it is applied as an illustration. It is probably owing to this want of just attention to propriety, that the first Lyric Poets have left such imperfect standards to the imitation of posterity.

WHEN we examine the works of later Poets among the Ancients, we find that even those of them who are most exceptionable in other circumstances, have yet in a great measure corrected this mistake of their predecessors. In the lyric Odes of Euripides and Sophocles, the metaphors made use of are generally short, expressive, and fitted to

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tion. Milton, in the same spirit, compares Satan lying on the lake of fire, to a Leviathan slumbering on the coast of Norway; and immediately digressing from the strict points of connection, he adds, "that the mariners often mistake him for an island, and cast anchor on his side." Par. Lost, B. II. In this illustration it is obvious, that though the Poet deviates from close imitation, yet he still keeps in view the general end of his subject, which is to exhibit a picture of the fallen Arch-angel. See Par. Lost, B. I.

correspond with great accuracy to the point which requires to be illustrated *. Pindar is in many instances equally happy in the choice of his images, which are frequently introduced with address, and produce a very striking effect †.

It is likewise necessary that the Poet should take care in the higher species of the Ode, to assign to every object that precise degree of colour, as well as that importance in the arrangement of sentiments which it seems peculiarly to demand. The same images which would be considered as capital strokes in some pieces can be admitted only as secondary beauties in others; and we might call in question both the judgment and the imagination of that Poet who attempts to render a faint illustration adequate to the object, by clothing it with profusion of ornament.

* The reader may consider, as an example, of the following verses of the Ode of Sophocles to the Sun.

Πολλα γαρ ὡς' ἀκαμαντες
 ἢ Νωτου ἢ Βορεα τις
 κυματα ευρει ποντω
 βαντ' ἐπιοντα τ' ἰδοι
 οὗτο δὲ του καδμογενη
 τρεφει· το δ' αυξει βιοτου
 πολυπονου ὡς ε πελαγος
 κρητιου. Soph. Trachin.

† Of this the reader will find a noble instance in Pindar's first Pythian Ode, where he employs from the verse beginning ναυσιφορηταις δ' αδρασεα, &c. to the end of the stanza, one of the happiest and most natural illustrations that is to be met with either in the works of Pindar, or in those of any Poet whatever. The abrupt address to Phœbus, when he applies the metaphor, is peculiarly beautiful.

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nament. A defect likewise either in the choice, or in the disposition, of images, is conspicuous in proportion to the importance of the subject, as well as to the nature of those sentiments with which it stands in more immediate connection. It is therefore the business of the Lyric Poet, who would avoid the censure of composing with inequality, to consider the colouring of which particular ideas are naturally susceptible, and to discriminate properly betwixt sentiments, whose native sublimity requires but little assistance from the pencil of art, and a train of thought which (that it may correspond to the former) demands the heightening of poetic painting. The astonishing inequalities which we meet with, even in the productions of unquestioned Genius, are originally to be deduced from the carelessness of the Poet who permitted his imagination to be hurried from one object to another, dwelling with pleasure upon a favourite idea, and passing slightly over intermediate steps, that he may catch that beauty which fluctuates on the gaze of Expectation.

I SHALL only observe further on this subject, that nothing is more contrary to the end of Lyric Poetry, than that habit of spinning out a metaphor which a Poet sometimes falls into by indulging the fallies of imagination. This will be obvious, when we reflect that every branch of the Ode is characterised by a peculiar degree of vivacity and even vehemence both of sentiment and expression.

sion. It is impossible to preserve this distinguishing character, unless the thoughts are diversified, and the diction is concise. When a metaphor is hunted down (if I may use that expression) and a description overwrought, its force and energy are gradually lessened, the object which was originally new becomes familiar, and the mind is satiated instead of being inflamed.

WE must not think that this method of extending an illustration discovers always a defect or sterility of the inventive Faculty. It is, in truth, the consequence of that propensity which we naturally feel to consider a favourite idea in every point of light, and to render its excellence as conspicuous to others as it is to ourselves. By this means sentiments become *superficial*, because the mind is more intent upon their *external dress*, than their *real importance*. They are likewise *thinly scattered through a work*, because each of them receives an higher proportion of ornament than justly belongs to it. We frequently judge of them likewise, in the same manner as a birthday suit is estimated by its purchaser, not by the standard of *intrinsic value*, but by *the opinion of the original proprietor*. Thus to superficial readers,

——— *verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
Si versus paulo concinnior unus aut alter
Injuste totum ducit, venditque poema* *.

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* Hor. Epist. Lib. II. Epist. 1.

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One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age. POPE.

CUSTOM, my Lord, that sovereign arbiter, from whose decision in literary as well as in civil causes, there frequently lies no appeal, will lead us to consider boldness of transition as a circumstance which is peculiarly characteristic of the Ode. Lyric Poets have in all ages appropriated to themselves the liberty of indulging imagination in her most irregular excursions; and when a digression is remotely similar to the subject, they are permitted to fall into it at any time by the invariable practice of their Predecessors. Pindar expressly lays claim to this privilege.

Εγκαμιων γαρ αωτες Τυμνων
επ' αλλοτ' αλλον ως τε με-
λισσα θυνει λογον *.

The song that spreads some glorious name
Shifts its bold wing from theme to theme;
Roves like the bee regardless o'er,
And culls the spoils of every flower.

WE must indeed acknowledge in general, that when
an high degree of spirit and vivacity is required to cha-
racterise any species of composition, the Author may be
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* Pin. Pyth. Ode X.

allowed to take greater liberties than we should grant to another, whose subject demanded regularity and connection. Let it however be observed at the same time, that this freedom is often granted, not because the theme indispenfibly requires, but because we naturally expect it from the genius of the Writer. We juftly fuppofe, that the Philofopher feldom miftakes his talents fo far as to be folicitous of fhining in a fphere, for which he muft know himfelf to be wholly difqualified; and from the work of a Poet who addreffeth imagination, we look for thofe marks of wildnefs and incoherence which difcover the extent of that faculty.

I HAVE acknowledged in a former part of this Effay, that the fhorter Ode not only admits of bold and fpirited tranfitions, but that thefe are in many inftances neceffary to conftitute a perfect imitation of nature*. This obfervation however cannot be applied with fo much propriety to the other kinds of it, becaufe the tranfport of paffion is abrupt, instantaneous, and the mind returns fuddenly to the point from which it had digreffed. On the contrary, as the paffions cannot be kept on their full ftretch for any confiderable time, we expect that in the higher fpecies of Lyric Poetry, the Poet will keep the principal object more immediately in his eye, and that his tranfitions will never make us lofe fight of it fo far, as
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* Letter I. p. xxxiii.

not to recall with ease the intermediate points of connection.

WHEN this rule is not violated, we can enter with pleasure into the design of the Poet, and consider his work as a whole in which every separate member has its distinct and proper use. Thus, when Pindar is celebrating Aristagoras, we can easily observe that the Poet's oblique encomium on the Father and friends of his Heroe, is introduced with great propriety, as every remark of this kind reflects additional lustre on the character of the principal personage*. We are even sometimes highly entertained with digressions, which have not so near a relation to the subject of the Ode as the last mentioned circumstance; because though the immediate design is not going forward, we can still however keep it in view with the same ease, as a traveller can do the public road, from which he willingly makes an excursion to survey the neighbouring country. Thus the noble panegyric upon the whole people of Rhodes, and the account of their Founder Tlepolemus, which we meet with in the Ode inscribed to Diagoras the Rhodian; these are happy and beautiful embellishments, whose introduction enlivens the whole piece with a proper variety of objects†.

THE same principle which induceth us to approve of the Poet's transitions in the preceding instances, must (as

* Pin. Nem. Ode XI.

† Id. Olym. Ode VII.

your Lordship will immediately conceive) lead us to condemn those which are far-fetched, pursued too closely, or foreign to the subject of the poem. This is frequently the consequence of following the track of imagination with implicit compliance, as the Poet without being sensible of his mistake runs into one digression after another, until his work is made up of incoherent ideas ; in which, as Horace expresseth it,

*velut ægri somnia vanæ
Finguntur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ*.*

This is the character of the Ode to Thrasidæus the Theban, in which the Poet is insensibly led from one digression to another, until his readers lose sight of the principal subject which is dropped almost as soon as proposed †.

THE last circumstance mentioned as characteristic of the Ode, was a certain picturesque vivacity of description. In this we permit the Lyric Poet to indulge himself with greater freedom than any other, because beauties of this kind are necessary to the end of exciting admiration. It is the peculiar province of imagination to give that life and expression to the ideas of the mind, by which Nature is most happily and judiciously imitated. By the help of this poetical magic the coldest sentiments become

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* Hor. de Art. Poet.

† Pind. Pyth. Ode XI.

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interesting, and the most common occurrences arrest our attention. A man of Genius, instead of laying down a series of dry precepts for the conduct of life, exhibits his sentiments in the most animating manner, by moulding them into symmetry, and superadding the external beauties of drapery and colour*. His reader by this expedient is led through an Elysium, in which his Fancy is alternately soothed and transported with a delightful succession of the most agreeable objects, whose combination at last suggests an important moral to be impressed upon the memory. The Ancients appear to have been fully sensible of the advantages of this method of illustrating truth, as the works not only of their Poets, but even those of their Philosophers and Historians abound with just and beautiful personifications†. Their two allegorical

* Thus the reader, who would pay little regard to the person who should forbid him to trust the world too much, will yet be struck with this simple admonition, when it appears in the work of a Genius.

Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart;

A broken reed at best, but oft' a spear,

On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† Thus Xenophon, the simplest and most perspicuous of Historians, has borrowed many noble images from Homer; and Plato is often indebted to this Poet, whom yet he banished from his Commonwealth. Cicero in his most serious pieces studies the *diction*, and copies the *manner* of the Greek Philosopher; and it evidently appears, that Thucydides has taken many a glowing Metaphor from the Odes of Pindar. We might produce many examples of this from their writings, if these would not swell this note to too great a length. The reader of taste may see this subject fully discussed in Mr. Gedde's ingenious Essay on the Composition of the Ancients.

rical Philosophers, Prodicus and Cebes, carry the matter still further, and inculcate their lessons, by substituting in place of cool admonition a variety of personages, who assume the most dignified character, and address at the same time the imagination, the passions, and even the senses of mankind *. These Authors consider man as a creature possessed of different, and of limited faculties, whose actions are directed more frequently by the impulse of passion, than regulated by the dictates of reason and of truth †.

It is obvious, that in Lyric Poetry the Author cannot run into this series of methodised allegory, because the subjects of the Ode are real incidents which would be disfigured by the continued action of fictitious personages. His descriptions therefore ought to be concise, diversified, and adapted properly to that train of sentiment which he is employed to illustrate. When this is the case, we are highly entertained with frequent personifications, as these are criterions by which we estimate the genius of the Poet.

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* Δει δε τας μυθους συνισταναι, η τη λεξει συναπεργαζεσθαι οτι μαλιστα προς ομματαυ τεθεμενον. Ουτο γαρ αν' ευαργεστα ορων ωσπερ παρ αυτοις γιγνομενος τοις πραττομενοις, ευρισκοι το ωρεπον, η ημισα αν' λανθανοιτο τα υπευαντια. Arist. Poet. c. 17.

† Thus Cicero tells us. Nec est majus in dicendo, quam ut Orator sic moveatur, ut impetu quodam animi, & perturbatione magis quam concilio regatur. Plura enim multo homines judicant odio, & amore, & cupiditate, &c. quam veritate & præscripto. De Orat. Lib. II. c. 42.

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I NEED not, my Lord, to suggest on this branch of my subject, that it requires the utmost delicacy to personify inanimate objects so justly, as to render them adapted in every circumstance to the occasion on which they are introduced. Your Lordship however will permit me to observe, that as the happiest effect is produced upon the mind of the reader by the judicious introduction of an ideal personage; so he is apt to be disgusted in an equal degree, when the conduct of the Poet in this instance is in the smallest measure irregular or defective. When an intellectual idea falls under the cognizance of an external sense, it is immediately surveyed with an accuracy proportioned to its importance, and to the distance at which we suppose it to be placed. We judge of Virtue and Vice, when represented as persons, in the same manner as we judge of men whose appearance is suggested by memory; and we therefore expect that these ideal figures shall be discriminated from each other by their dress, attitudes, features, and behaviour, as much as two real persons of opposite characters always are in the familiar intercourse of ordinary life. In reality we assign a particular shape, complexion, and manner to the creatures of imagination, by the same rule which leads us to ascribe a certain assemblage of features to a person whom we have never seen, upon seeing his character particularly displayed, or upon listening to a minute detail of his actions.

Nay,

Nay, odd as it may appear, it is yet certain, that in many instances our idea of the imaginary person may be more distinct and particular than that of the real one. Thus we often find that the representation exhibited by Fancy of the figure of an Heroe, whose actions had raised admiration; I say, we find that this representation has been wide of the truth, when we come either to see the original, or a faithful copy of it: but our ideas of imaginary persons are generally so exact, that upon seeing a group of these displayed on a plate, we are capable to give each its proper designation, as soon as we observe it. Thus Anger, Revenge, Despair, Hope, &c. can be distinguished from each other almost as easily when they are copied by the pencil, as when *we feel their influence on our own minds, or make others observe it on our actions.*

FROM this detail it obviously follows, that as our ideas of imaginary personages are more just and accurate, than those which are excited merely by a particular relation of the actions of real ones; so we will judge with more certainty of the precise colouring which belongs to the former, and of the propriety with which they are introduced, than we can possibly do with regard to the latter. A Painter may deceive us, by throwing into the face of an Heroe, whom we have never seen, particular marks of resolution and fortitude, which form only a part of his character. But we cannot be deceived with regard to
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the signatures which show the predominancy of these virtues, with whatever degree of justice they may be applied. This observation has equal force, when we refer it to the allegorical personages of the Poet. The least impropriety in the colouring, dress, or arrangement of objects, is immediately perceptible, and we pass a favourable judgment, when faults of this kind are ascribed to inattention. In short, the imaginary persons who are introduced in a poem, must on all occasions be distinguished by peculiar characters, and the manners attributed to each of them ought to be such as can be applied with no propriety to any other object. Every picture must therefore be, as Pope somewhere has it,

Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of the mind.

A LITTLE reflection will enable us to discover the reason of this difference betwixt our ideas of allegorical and of real personages. We are (as I formerly observed) often mistaken in our notions of the latter of these, because the mind cannot receive a sufficient degree of information concerning the person, to be able to form any perfect judgment of his address or demeanour. Upon hearing, for instance, a recital of the actions of a man who is unknown to us, our idea of him is taken from the passion which appears to have predominated in his conduct; but we are not acquainted with numberless little peculiarities

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which

which enter into a complicated character, and have their corresponding expressions imprinted on the countenance. Thus when we consider only the martial exploits of the celebrated Duke de Vendome, we have the idea of an Heroe full of spirit and impetuosity ; but this idea would be very imperfect as a representation of his character, if we did not know likewise that he was slovenly, voluptuous, effeminate, and profuse *.

THESE different ingredients, which enter into the mind of a real agent, ought likewise to be nicely estimated as to the degrees in which they predominate, before we could be properly qualified to judge of their influence on his external appearance. As it is evidently impossible that we can ever be thoroughly apprised of the former, it is therefore obvious that our judgment of the latter must be always imperfect. On the contrary, we are never at a loss to conceive a just idea of one simple expression, because the Original from which the Copy is drawn exists in our own mind. We are likewise naturally taught to distinguish properly the insignia of imaginary creatures. Thus Fear is always known by her *bristled hair*, Admiration by his *erected eyes*, Time has his *scythe* and his *hour-glass*, and Fortune (unchangeable in one sense) stands *blind* on the *globe*, to which she was exalted by Cebes †.

* Volt. Siec. Louis XIV. c. 21.

† Cebet. Tab.

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. lxvii

I OUGHT, my Lord, to apologize for the length of this digression on the nature of allegorical Persons ; a subject which I have treated more particularly, as I do not remember to have seen it canvassed minutely by any Writer either ancient or modern.

I SHALL only observe further on this head, that though a Poet is seldom in hazard of being grossly faulty, with respect to the dress and insignia of his personages, yet intemperate imagination will induce him to use this noble figure too frequently by personifying objects of small comparative importance ; or by leaving the simple and natural path, to entangle himself in the labyrinth of Fiction. This is the fault which we have already found to characterise the writings of the first Lyric Poets, from which we should find it an hard task to vindicate their successors, even in the most improved state of ancient learning. Instead of producing examples of this intemperance, which the Greek Theology was peculiarly calculated to indulge, I shall only observe in general, that we are mistaken in thinking that the Genius of a Poet is indicated by the diversified incidents which enter into his Fable. True Genius, even in its most early productions, will be discovered rather by *vivid* and *picturesque descriptions*, than by any circumstances however extraordinary in the *narration* of *events*. It is no difficult matter to conceive a series of fictitious incidents, and to connect

them together in one story, though it requires judgment to do this in such a manner, as that the whole may have some happy and continued allusion to truth. We can imagine, for instance, with great ease something as impossible as Ariosto's Magician pursuing the man who had taken off his head. But it will be found a much more difficult task, either to throw out one of those strokes of Nature which penetrate the heart, and cleave it with terror and with pity; or to paint Thought in such striking colours, as to render it immediately visible to the eye*.

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* Upon the principle established here, we may account in some measure for Voltaire's apparently paradoxical assertion, with regard to the comparative merit of Homer and Tasso. The Italian (says that spirited writer) has more conduct, variety and justness than the Greek. Admitting the truth of this reflection, we might still reply, that the principal merit of the Iliad, considered as the production of Genius, lies in the grandeur of the sentiments, the beauty and sublimity of the illustrations, and the *original* strokes which are wrought into the description of the *principal Actors*. In all these respects we may venture to affirm, that Homer remains without a superior among Authors unaided by Inspiration; and the reader must be left to judge whether or not it is from these criterions that we estimate the Genius of a Poet. Our Author proceeds upon the same principles to compare the Orlando Furioso with the Odyssey, and give a preference to the former. The merit of these works may be ascertained in some measure, by the rules we have already established. We need only to add further on this head, that among many beauties we meet with examples of the turgid and bombast in the work of Ariosto; from which that of the Greek Poet is wholly free. The two first lines of his Poem,

*Le Donne, e Cavalieri, l'arme, gli amore,
Le Cortesie l'audaci impressi io canto.*

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LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. Ixix

THE noblest instances of this personification are to be found in the Sacred Writings. Nothing can exceed the majesty, with which the descent of the Almighty is described by the Prophet Habakkuk. “ Before Him (he tells us) went the Pestilence, &c.” then suddenly addressing the Deity in the second person, he says “ the Mountains *saw Thee*, and they *trembled*, the Overflowing of the waters *passed by*, the *Deep uttered his voice*, and *lift up his hands* on high *. In another place, the Deluge is nobly animated, in order to display the Omnipotence of God. “ The waters (says the Psalmist) stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they *fled*, at the voice of thy thunder they *hasted away*.”

FROM this simple and impartial view of the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, considered as one branch of a cultivated Art, your Lordship will perhaps be inclined to conclude, that in the Arts, as in the characters of men, those which are susceptible of the highest excellence, are like-

if they do not put one in mind of the Cyclic Writer mentioned by Horace, who begins his Poem with

Fortunam Priani cantabo, & nobile bellum.

yet are of a very different strain from those which introduce the *Odyssæ*,

Ἀνδρα μοι ἔνεπε Μοῦσα πολυτράπον, ὅς μάλα πολλὰ
Πλάγχθη &c.

I cannot help thinking that the whole of this introduction is remarkably simple and unornamented, though a very judicious and ingenious Critic seems to be of a contrary opinion.

* Hab. ch. iii. v. 3.

likewise frequently marked with the most striking defects. This mixture of beauty and deformity, of grandeur and meanness, which enters so often into the action as well as the speculation of mankind, ought to be considered as the characteristic of the human mind, which in the chimerical pursuit of perfection is hurried by its own impetuosity from one extreme to another. Your Lordship has, no doubt, frequently observed, that there is upon the whole a greater uniformity in the characters of men than superficial enquiry would lead us to conceive. A temptation operating forcibly on the ruling passion will produce in a temper naturally gentle and equal, an irregularity as remarkable, and sometimes carried to a greater length, than the most powerful stimulus is able to excite in a man of warm passions, and florid imagination. This is a fact, of which experience will suggest examples to every person who is conversant with mankind.

WE ought not therefore to wonder, when we observe in the writings of a Great Genius beauties and blemishes blended promiscuously, and when we find the Poet's imagination distinguished only by those marks of inaccuracy which appear in the actions of others, and which are ultimately to be derived from the complicated ingredients of the human mind.

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I HAVE been led into this train of reflection, as it will enable us to account for the inequalities which are to be met with in the writings of Pindar, exposed as they have been to the admiration, and to the censure of posterity. Whatever propriety the preceding rules may have with regard to Lyric Poetry, it is certain that this Poet is not the standard from whose work they are deduced. We have already seen that He himself disclaims all conformity to the shackles of method, and that he insists upon the privilege of giving a loose rein to the excursions of imagination. The consequences of this proceeding are eminently conspicuous in every part of his writings. His composition is coloured with that rich imagery which Fancy throws upon the coldest sentiments, his digressions are often too frequent and but remotely connected with the principal subject, his personifications are bold and exuberant, and he has made as free an use of theological fable as any Poet among the Ancients.

THE learned and ingenious Translator of Pindar has suggested several striking pleas in his favour, both with respect to the *connection of his thoughts* and the *regularity of his measure* *. To resume on the present occasion any part of what he hath advanced, would be equally useless and improper. As to the first, I shall only add to this Gentleman's observations, that all the writings of Pindar
which

* Mr. West. See the Preface and Notes of his Translation.

which have reached the present times are of the panegy-
rical kind, in which *remote circumstances* and *distant al-
lusions* are often referred to with great propriety; that
sometimes several Odes are inscribed to *the same person*;
and that all of them are wrote on subjects too *exactly
similar* to afford room for *continued variety of description*,
without allowing him frequently to digress. It is ob-
vious that in these circumstances the Poet must have been
forcibly prompted to indulge the natural exuberance of
his genius, that he might gain materials to fill up his sub-
ject, and that he might pay a compliment to his Patron
by some digression on the merit of his Ancestors, as well
as by an encomium on his personal qualities*. If these
considerations do not fully apologize for the excursions
of this Great Genius, they render them at least more ex-
cusable

* It is genetally to be supposed, that a Poet in a panegyrical address to
his Patron will select with solicitude every circumstance in his character and
actions which excite approbation, in order to render his encomium as per-
fect and compleat as possible. When therefore he is unexpectedly engaged
to retouch a subject which he had formerly discussed, we ought to expect,
either that he will fix upon *new points of panegyric*, which is always a matter
of the greatest difficulty; or we must indulge him in the liberty of calling
in *adventitious assistance*, when he is deprived of other materials. This ap-
pears on many occasions to have been the case of Pindar. No less than four
of his Odes are inscribed to Hiero King of Syracuse, all on account of his
victories in the Games of Greece. Two Odes immediately following the first
to Hiero are addressed to Theron King of Agrigentum; Psaumis of Cama-
rina is celebrated in the 4th and 5th Olympic; and the 9th and 10th are filled
with the praises of Agæsidamus the Locrian. Every reader must make *great
allowances* for a Poet, who was so often obliged to retouch and to *diversify*
subjects of one kind.

cusable in him, than the same liberties without an equal inducement can possibly be in any of his imitators.

AFTER all however we must acknowledge, that Pindar has rendered his pieces obscure on many occasions by giving too much scope to a wild imagination; and perhaps the true reason for which he took this liberty was that he *imitated the example of his Predecessors*. He had seen the first Lyric Poets indulging the boldest fallies of Fancy, and applying to particular purposes the Mythology of their country; and as their writings had been held in admiration by succeeding ages, instead of being exposed to the researches of criticism, he was encouraged to proceed in the same course, by the expectation of obtaining a similar reward. From a passage formerly quoted, it would appear that Pindar thought himself peculiarly exempted from conforming to rules of any kind whatever*, and we can suppose this opinion to have proceeded originally from no other foundation than his knowledge of the practice of former authors.

I AM sufficiently aware, my Lord, that some readers may object to the preceding theory, that it is probable, if Pindar had been of opinion that Lyric Poetry in his time stood in need of material emendations, the same fertility of invention which enabled him to reach the height of excellence in this art, without however alter-

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* Vide supra, p. 57.

ing its original principles ; that this would have led him likewise to invent new rules, and to supply the deficiencies of his Predecessors. I will venture to affirm, that this is the only species of invention, in which we have seldom reason to expect that an Original Genius will attempt to excel.

It hath often been observed, that the earliest productions of a Great Genius are generally the most remarkable for wildness and inequality. A sublime imagination is always reaching at something great and astonishing. Sometimes it seizeth the object of its pursuit, and at others, like a person dizzy with the height of his station, it staggers and falls headlong. When the mind of such a person ripens, and his judgment arrives at its full maturity, we have reason to expect that the strain of his composition will be more consistent and masterly ; but his imagination, cramped by the rules which have been formerly laid down, will be still desirous of *breaking the old fetters*, rather than solicitous of *inventing new ones*. Though therefore it must be acknowledged that the same Faculty which is able to invent characters, and to *colour* sentiment may likewise discover the rules and principles of an Art, yet we have no ground to hope that it will often be employed to effectuate a purpose which an Author may consider as in some measure prejudicial.

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To compensate for the blemishes formerly mentioned, the writings of Pindar abound with the most instructive moral sentiments, as well as with the most exquisite beauties of descriptive poetry. The Poet often throws in a reflection of this kind in the most natural manner, as it seems to arise spontaneously from the subject. Thus he prepares the mind to hear of the catastrophe of Tlepolemus by an exclamation perfectly apposite, and appropriated to the occasion.

Αμφι δ' ἀνδρῶ-
πων φρεσιν ἀμπλακίαι
Ἀναριθμητοὶ κρεμάνται
τοῦτο δ' ἀμηχανοῦν εὐρεῖν
Ὅτι νῦν, καὶ ἐν τελευ-
τα φερτάτον ἀνδρὲ τυχεῖν. Pin. Olym. VII.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure;
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the present shall endure? WEST.

THIS method of introducing moral observations adds peculiar dignity and importance to Lyric Poetry, and is likewise happily suited to the Ode, whose diversified composition naturally admits of it.

I SHALL only observe further with regard to Pindar, that his character is eminently distinguished by that noble superiority to vulgar opinions, which is the inseparable concomitant of true genius. He appears to have

had his Zoilus as well as Homer, and to have been equally sensible of the extent and sublimity of his own talents. Thus he compares his enemies to a parcel of crows and magpies pursuing an eagle.

THE learned Abbe Fraquier in a short dissertation on the character of Pindar affirms, that one will discover too obvious an imitation of this Poet in those pieces of Horace which are sublime and diversified *. He mentions, as examples of this, his celebrated Odes to Virgil † and to Galatea ‡, intended to dissuade them from going to sea; and that in which he so artfully represents to the Roman people the danger and impropriety of removing the seat of the Empire to Troy §. Upon comparing these with the Odes of Pindar, he says that we shall find more strength, more energy, and more sublimity in the works of the Greek, than in those of the Roman Poet ||. In the three Odes formerly mentioned, he observes that the digressions never lead us far from the principal subject, and the Poet's imagination appears to be too much confined to one place. On the contrary, Pindar never curbs the
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* Ce son des tableaux d'un Eleve habile, ou l'on reconnoit la maniere du Maitre, bien qu'on n'y retrouve pas a beaucoup près tout son genie. Mem. de Liter. Tom. III. p. 49.

† Car. Lib. I. Od. 3.

‡ Id. Lib. III. Od. 27.

§ Carm. Lib. III. Ode 3.

|| Il est aise d'en marquer la difference sans parler de celle du stile qui dans Pindare a toujours plus de force, plus d'energie, & plus de noblesse que dans Horace, &c. Mem. de Lit. ubi supra.

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exuberance of his Genius. He celebrates promiscuously in the same Ode, Gods, Heroes, and persons who have made a shining figure in their age and country, by imitating illustrious examples *.

FROM the observations made on the manner of Horace in a preceding part of this Essay, it is sufficiently obvious, that his Genius in Lyric Poetry was principally fitted to excel in the composition of the shorter Ode; and that his imagination was not so equal as that of Pindar to the higher and more perfect species. Of the three Pieces, however, which this Author hath mentioned as imitations of the Greek Poet, we can only admit one to have been compleatly attempted in the manner of this Great Master. It is that which regards the design of removing the imperial seat to Troy. The other two Odes are highly beautiful in their kind; but the subjects are not treated at so much length, nor with that variety of high poetic colouring which characteriseth so eminently the writings of the latter. The Ode to the Roman people is indeed composed in an higher strain, and is full of that enthusiasm which the subject might naturally be supposed to excite in the mind of a Poet, who was animated by the love of his country. Through the whole of this noble performance, the address of the Author, and the emphatical energy with which the sentiments are conveyed, deserve

* Id. *ibid.*

deserve to be equally the objects of admiration. The Poem opens with a just and poetical description of the security of Virtue; from which the Poet takes occasion to introduce an artful compliment to Augustus, whom he ranks with Bacchus and Romulus; on the ascent of which last to heaven, Juno expresseth her aversion to the repeopling of Troy. She breaks abruptly into the subject, in a manner expressive of eager solicitude.

——— *Ilion, Ilion,
Fatalis incestusque Judex
Et Mulier peregrina vertit
In pulverem* *.

Troy,—perjured Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;—
An Umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust. }

ADDISON.

She then proceeds in the most artful manner to insinuate, that as the destruction of this city was occasioned by her ingratitude to the Gods, as well as by the particular injury done to her and Minerva, if Troy should be thrice rebuilt by the hand of Apollo, the Greeks would thrice be permitted to overturn it; and

——— *ter Uxor
Capta, virum puerosque ploret* †.

Thrice

* Car. Lib. III. Od. 3.

† Id. ibid.

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Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons, and slaughter'd Husbands mourn.

ADDISON.

The prosperity which she promiseth to the Roman arms is therefore granted, only upon condition that they never think of rebuilding this detested city.

FROM the preceding short account of this celebrated Ode, it will appear that the transitions are extremely artful, the sentiments noble, and that the whole conduct is happy and judicious. These, if I mistake not, are the distinguishing excellencies of the larger Odes of Horace, in which the Poet's *didactic* genius is remarkably conspicuous. Perhaps however, your Lordship, like the French Critic, is at a loss to find in all this, the energy, the vehemence, the exuberance of Pindar. Horace himself was perfectly sensible of the superior excellence of the Greek Poet, and never rises to truer sublimity than when he is drawing his character. The following image is great, and appropriated to the subject.

*Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore*.*

Pindar like some fierce torrent swoln with show'rs,
Or sudden Cataracts of melting Snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong Deluge pours,
And foams, and thunders o'er the Vales below,

With

* Car. Lib. IV. Od. 2.

With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song. WEST.

I KNOW not, my Lord, how it happens, that we generally find ourselves more highly pleased with excess and inequality in poetic composition, than with the serene, the placid, and the regular progression of a corrected imagination. Is it because the mind is fatiated with uniformity of any kind, and that remarkable blemishes, like a few barren fields interspersed in a landscape give additional lustre to the more cultivated scenery? Or does it proceed from a propensity in human nature to be pleased, when we observe a great Genius sometimes *sinking as far below the common level*, as at others, he is capable of *rising above it*? I confess, that I am inclined to deduce this feeling more frequently from the *former* than from the *latter* of these causes; though I am afraid that the warmest *benevolence* will hardly prevail upon your Lordship not to attribute it in some instances to *a mixture of both*.

WHATEVER may be in this, it is certain that the Odes of Horace, in which he has professedly imitated Pindar, are much more correct and faultless than these of his Master. It would, perhaps, be saying too much, to affirm with some Critics, that the judgment of the Roman Poet was superior to that of his Rival; but it is obvious, that the operation of this Faculty is more remarkable in

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his writings, because his imagination was more ductile and pliable.—Upon the whole, therefore, we shall not do injustice to these two great men, if we assign to their works the same degree of comparative excellence, which the Italians ascribe to the pieces of Dominichino and Guido. The former was a *great* but *an unequal Genius*; while the more corrected performances of the latter were *animated by the Graces, and touched by the pencil of Elegance* *.

I AM afraid, that your Lordship is now thinking it high time to bring the whole of this detail to a period.— Upon reviewing the observations made on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients through the preceding part of this Essay,

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fay,

* The Reader will observe, that nothing has been said in this Essay on the regularity of the measure of Pindar's Odes. This subject is treated so fully in the preface of Mr. West's Translation, that we need only here to refer the curious to his remarks. The Ancient Odes are always to be considered as songs which were set to musick, and whose recital was generally accompanied with dancing. If we may be permitted to form an idea of this music, from the nature and composition of the Ode, it must have been a matter of great difficulty to excel in it, as it is certain that poems which abound with sentiments are more proper to be set to music, than those which are ornamented with imagery. These sister-arts usually keep pace with each other, either in their improvement or decay. Ne ci dobbiamo (says an ingenious Foreigner, speaking of the modern Italian music) maravigliare, ce corrotta la Poesia, s'e anche corrotta la musica; perche come nella ragior poetica accennammo, tutte le arti imitative hanno una idea commune, dalla cui alterazione si alterano tutte, e particolarmenti la musica dall alterazion del la poesia si cangia come dal corpo l'ombra. Onde corrotta la poesia da e soverchi ornamenti e dalla copia delle figure, ha comunicato anche il suo morbo alla musica, ormai tanto sfigurata, che ha perduta quasi la natural est. pressione. Gavina della Traged. p. 70.

say, you will find that the subject has been considered under the three following heads. In the first part I have attempted to lay before your Lordship, the state of Lyric Poetry in the earliest ages, as it appears from what we can collect either of the character of the writings of Amphion, Linus, Orpheus, Museus, and Hesiod. In the course of this enquiry I have had occasion to assign the causes, whose concurrence rendered this branch of the poetic Art less perfect at its first introduction than any of the other species.—Upon advancing a little further, a richer and more diversified prospect opened to the imagination. In *the first dawn* of this more enlightened period, we meet with the names of Alcæus and Sappho, who, without altering *the original character* of the Ode, made a considerable change on the *subjects* to which it was appropriated; and in *the full meridian* of Science, we find this second form of Lyric Poetry brought to its highest perfection in the writings of Horace.—Some remarks on the nature of those beauties which are peculiarly characteristic of the *higher species* of the Ode, and on the part which Imagination particularly claims in its composition, led me to mention a few rules, the exact observation of which will, perhaps, contribute to render this species of poetry more correct and regular, without retrenching any part of its *discriminating* beauties, and without straitening too much the Genius of the Poet. With this view I

have

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have endeavoured to characterize impartially the pindaric manner, by pointing out *its excellencies*, by enumerating *its defects*, and by enquiring from what particular causes the latter are to be deduced.

I CONSIDER it, my Lord, as a circumstance particularly agreeable on the present occasion, that the Persons who are most capable to observe the *defects* of an Author, are likewise commonly the readiest to *excuse them*. Little minds, like the fly on the Edifice, will find many inequalities in *particular members* of a work, which an enlarged understanding either overlooks as insignificant, or contemplates as *the mark of human imperfection*. I am, however, far from intending to insinuate, that feelings of this nature will prevail on your Lordship to consider real blemishes merely as the effects of an inadvertency, which is excusable in proportion to the intricacy of a subject. I have been induced to throw together the preceding remarks, with an intention to rescue Lyric Poetry from the contempt in which it has been unjustly held by Authors of unquestioned penetration, to prove that it is naturally susceptible of the *highest poetic beauty*; and that under proper regulations, it may be made subservient to purposes as beneficial as any other branch of the Art. These facts will indeed be sufficiently obvious to persons unacquainted with the Ancients, by perusing the works of some eminent *Poets* of the present age, whose names it

would be superfluous to mention. I dismiss this attempt, and the pieces which accompany it, to the judgment of the public, with that timidity and diffidence which the review of so many great names, and the sense of Inexperience are fitted to inspire. Whatever may be the fate of either, I shall remember, with pleasure, that they have afforded me an opportunity of testifying that high and respectful esteem, with which I have the Honour to be,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

J. OGILVIE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Collection embraceth with pleasure, the opportunity afforded him by a new publication, of expressing the deepest gratitude to the persons who have generously given so very favourable a reception to his former productions. In return to this generosity, the proprietors of the preceding editions have a right to know the reason for which the present appears to be so much increased in bulk; though it is still in part composed of the pieces of which they are already in possession. The Author ingenuously acknowledgeth, that he was led imperceptibly to take this course, as he found encouragement from the approbation of the public. He wrote, at first, with an intention principally of spending a vacant hour in an agreeable amusement; and indeed at too early a period of life to be susceptible of those passions in any great degree, which operate so forcibly on the actions of mankind. He published a few detached pieces with the utmost timidity; and, as he had just reflection enough to be sensible of his want of experience, he was afraid of forfeiting the little esteem he might have formerly acquired, by attempting injudiciously to enlarge it. In whatever point of view we may consider particular talents, yet we seldom extol the prudence of that person who appears to be highly elated by a little encouragement.

If the Author, actuated by this motive, hath proceeded with some caution in the publication of his poetical Essays,

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

perhaps his readers of politeness and humanity will consider him as a stranger, who pays them the respectful compliment of being intimidated by their appearance, and who does not seem to have considered Indulgence as the Parent of Presumption.

OF the pieces which compose the present Miscellany, it is proper to inform the reader, that some were written at that age, when the mind is least capable of attending to correctness and purity of composition. Of this kind is the Paraphrase on the 148th Psalm, and on the 3^d Chapter of Habakkuk, the translation of Sappho's Ode to Venus, the Fable (which is however considerably altered) and the little Ode written with a flower. The last of these was written, when the Author was about thirteen. These pieces have been separately perused by persons of unquestioned taste in literary productions, with some approbation; and the Author mentions this circumstance, not so much with a design to prepossess the judgment of a Critic, as to afford some exercise to his good nature. In a few of the other poems (particularly in the Ode to Evening) he has attempted either to strike out new objects in the sphere of pastoral description; or to paint those which are common to every Poet, with a diversity of colouring which may give them the appearance of novelty. He is sensible that the general objects of descriptive poetry have passed so frequently in review before the imagination, that neither of these ends can be effectuated with facility. The decision of the Public will fully satisfy him, whether he is to regard this attempt as wholly chimerical, or to consider it as a purpose in some measure accomplished.

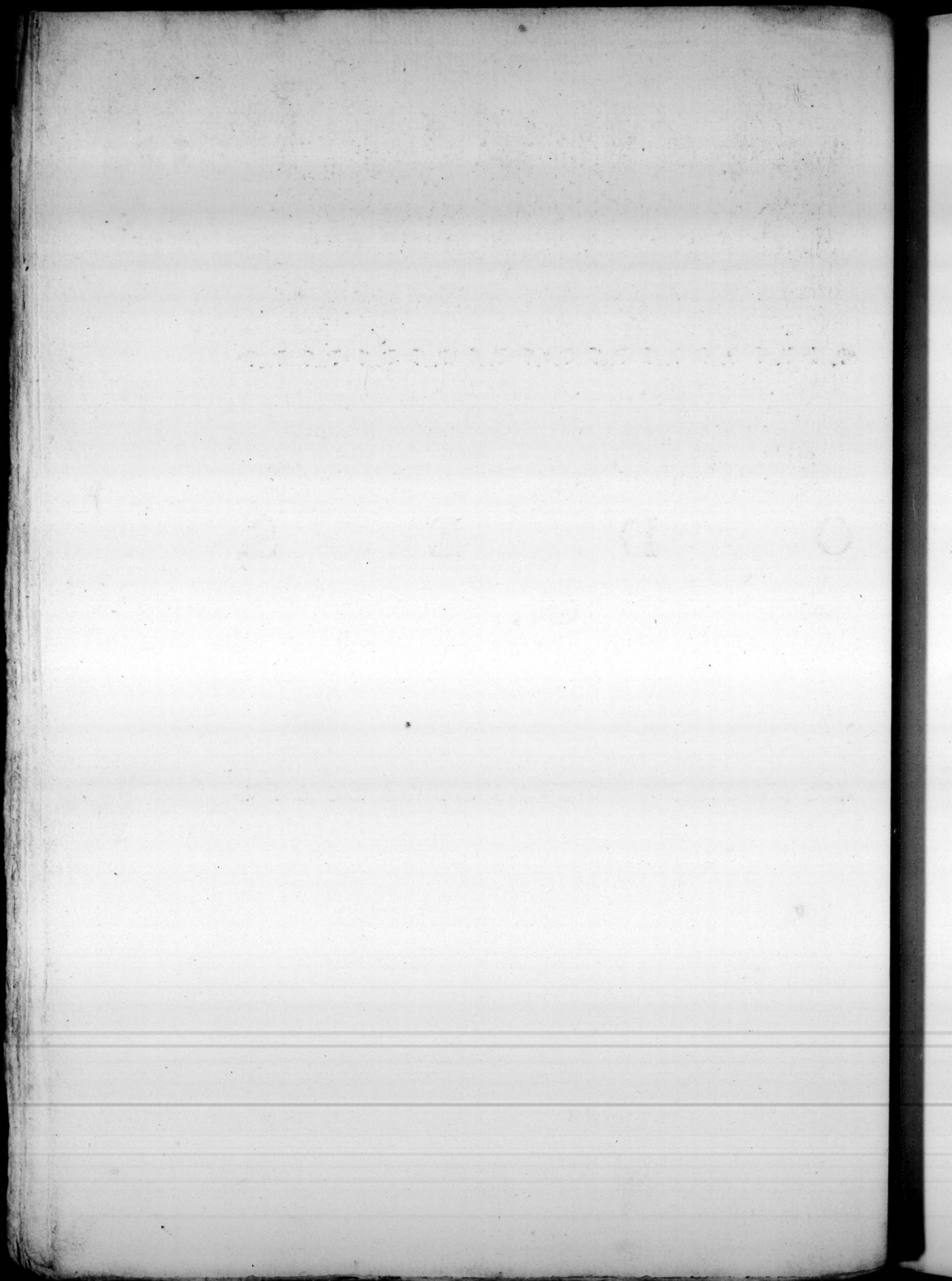
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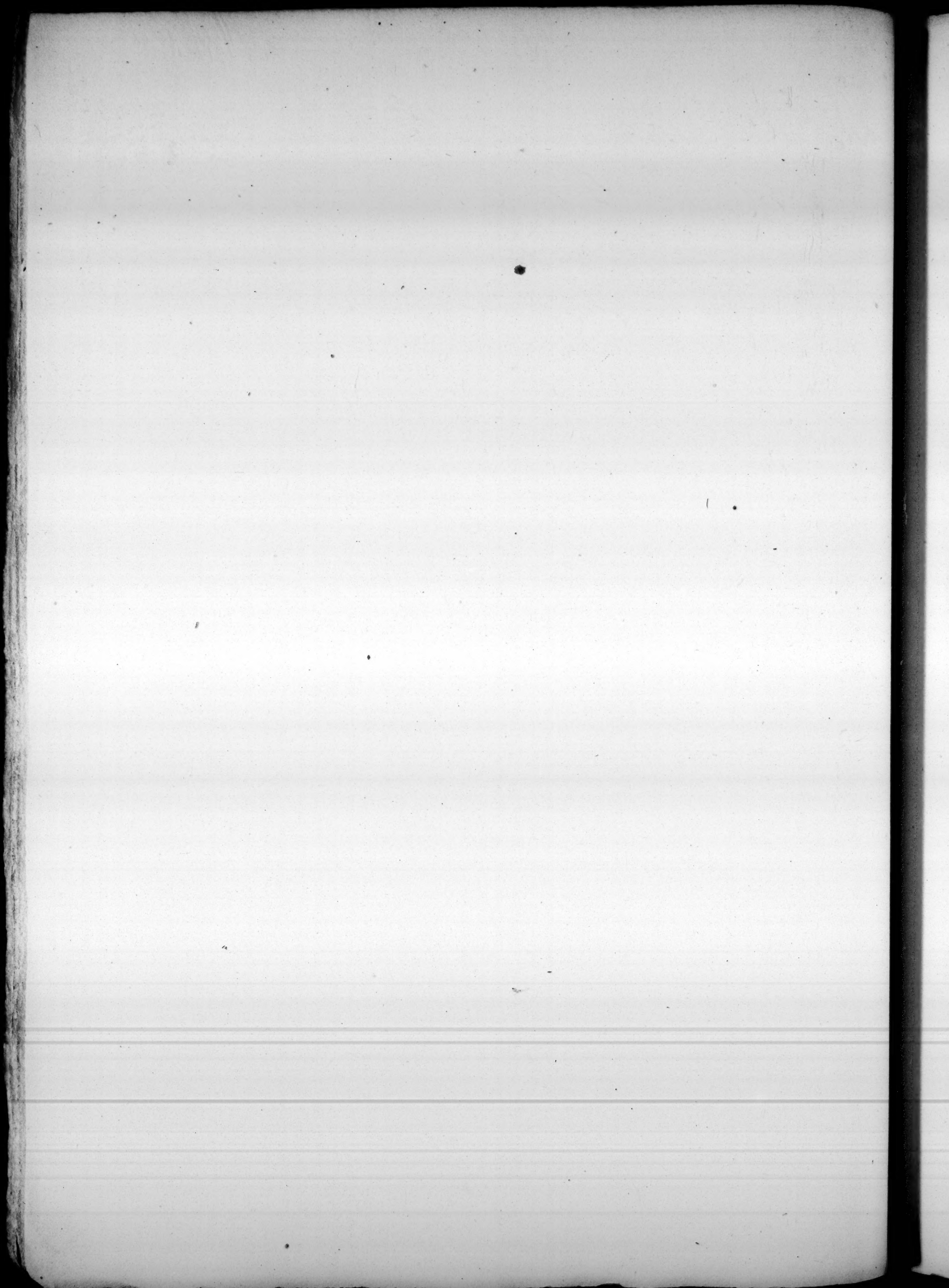


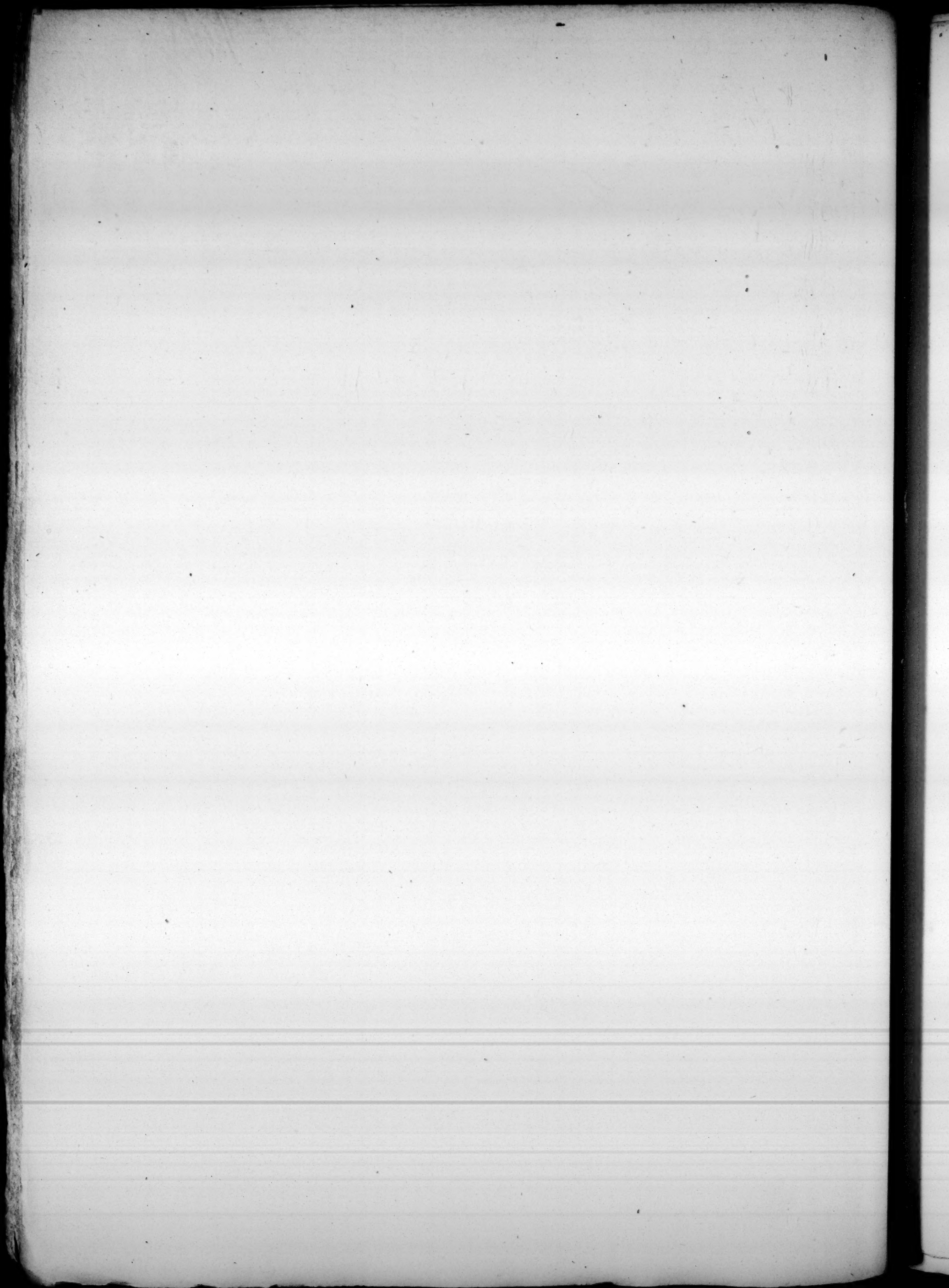
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That Queen of nations! whose superior call
Rouz'd the broad East, and bid Her arms destroy!
When warm'd to mirth,—let Judgment mark her Fall,
And deep Reflection dash the lip of Joy.

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream;
Though wreaths of blooming lawrel bind her brow,
Calm Thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Slow as some Miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,
When working secret with destructive aim:
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing Hour,
But works the fall of Empire, Pomp, and Name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of Man;
Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope pourtray'd;
Let fluttering Cupids croud the growing plan:
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,
Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd;
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay fons, a smiling train, appear,
 With Beauty pierc'd,—yet heedless of the dart :
 While closely couch'd, pale sickning Envy near
 Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
 Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin ;
 Scared,—while her eyes survey th' etherial blue,
 Left heav'n's strong lightning burst the Dark within.

Then paint,—impending o'er the maddening deep
 That rock, where heart-struck Sappho vainly brave
 Stood firm of soul ;—then from the dizzy steep
 Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here wrapt in studious thought let Fancy rove,
 Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare ;
 To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
 Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's towering hopes inflame,
 Let judging Reason draw the veil aside ;
 Or fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
 Read o'er the monument that tells,—He dyed.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
What all that Fortune's liberal hand has brought?
Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown,
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier;
Not wealth, but Pity swells the bursting groan,
Not pow'r, but whispering Nature prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmoved the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head?
Where the 'lone Widow tells the Night her pain,
And Eve' with dewy tears embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring:
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephirs balmy breathing wing.

The buſts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
 Can theſe bid Sorrow's guſhing tears ſubſide?
 Can theſe avail, in that tremendous hour,
 When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah no!—the mighty names are heard no more:
 Pride's thought ſublime and Beauty's kindling bloom
 Serve but to ſport one flying moment o'er,
 And ſwell with pompous verſe the ſcutchon'd tomb.

For me:—may Paſſion ne'er my ſoul invade,
 Nor be the whims of towering Frenzy giv'n;
 Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful ſhade,
 Where Contemplation wings the ſoul to heav'n.

O guard me ſafe from Joy's enticing ſnare!
 With each extreme that Pleaſure tries to hide,
 The poiſon'd breath of ſlow-conſuming Care,
 The noiſe of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft when Midnight's ſadly ſolemn knell
 Sounds long and diſtant from the ſky-top't tower;
 Calm let me ſit in Proſper's lonely cell*,
 Or walk with MILTON thro' the dark Obſcure.

Thus

* See SHAKESPEAR'S Tempeſt.



O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
See'st thou where Nature treads the deepening gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song?

I. 2.

Oft while on earth 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-eyed Goddess lov'd to roam,
To trace serene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul-transporting strain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The loose-robed Graces crown'd with flow'rs,
The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the rosy-featured Hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone,
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale;
On Thee the Goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips these melting accents broke.

I. 3.

" To Thee, my favourite son, belong
 " The lays that steal the listening hour ;
 " To pour the rapture-darting song
 " To paint gay Hope's elysian bower.
 " From Nature's hand to snatch the dart,
 " To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart ;
 " Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
 " And call the Loves with purple wing
 " From the blue deep where they dwell
 " With Naiads in the pearly cell,
 " Soft on the sea-born Goddess gaze* ;
 " Or in the loose robe's floating maze,
 " Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest ;
 " Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
 " Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
 " Let Sorrow clad in sable stole
 " Slow to thy musing thought appear ;
 " Or pensive Pity pale ;
 " Or Love's desponding tale
 " Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic tear."

II. I.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind ?
 Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought ?

Why,

* Venus.

Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where Beauty pours eternal bloom,
And Zephir breathes perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant goddesses stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh.
Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The brodered mead, the landskip, and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills and shades, and bowers that breath'd of love
All burst to fight!—while glancing on the view,
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the dew.

II. 2.

The pale-eyed Genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bower;
Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
Gay scenes by Fancy's touch refin'd
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hovering Angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.

Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
 Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing :
 Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze !
 The wild note trembling on th' aerial string !
 The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay
 Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay *.

II. 3.

O lay me near yon limpid stream,
 Whose murmur sooths the ear of Woe !
 There in some sweet poetic dream
 Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow !
 'Tis done :—o'er all the blushing mead
 The dark Wood shakes his cloudy head ;
 Below, the lily-fringed dale
 Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale ;
 While in pastime all-unseen,
 Titania robed in mantle green
 Sports on the mossy bank :— her train
 Skims light along the gleaming plain ;
 Or to the fluttering breeze unfold
 The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold ;
 Its pinions opening to the light !—
 Say, bursts the vision on my sight ?

Ah,

* Ariel : see the Tempest.

Ah, no! by Shakespear's pencil drawn
 The beauteous shapes appear;
 While meek-eyed Cynthia near
 Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn*.

III. I.

But hark! the Tempest howls afar!
 Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste!
 What Cherub blows the trump of war?
 What Demon rides the stormy blast?
 Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
 The bleak heath rushes on the fight;
 Then wrapt in sudden night
 Dissolves.—But ah! what kingly form
 Roams the lone desert's desolated maze †!
 Unaw'd! nor heeds the sweeping storm.
 Ye pale-eyed Lightnings spare the cheek of Age!
 Vain wish;—though Anguish heaves the bursting groan.
 Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of Rage
 Hears not the Mourner's unavailing moan:
 Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and stung with wild despair
 Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

III. 2.

* See the Midsummer Night's Dream.

† Lear.

III. 2.

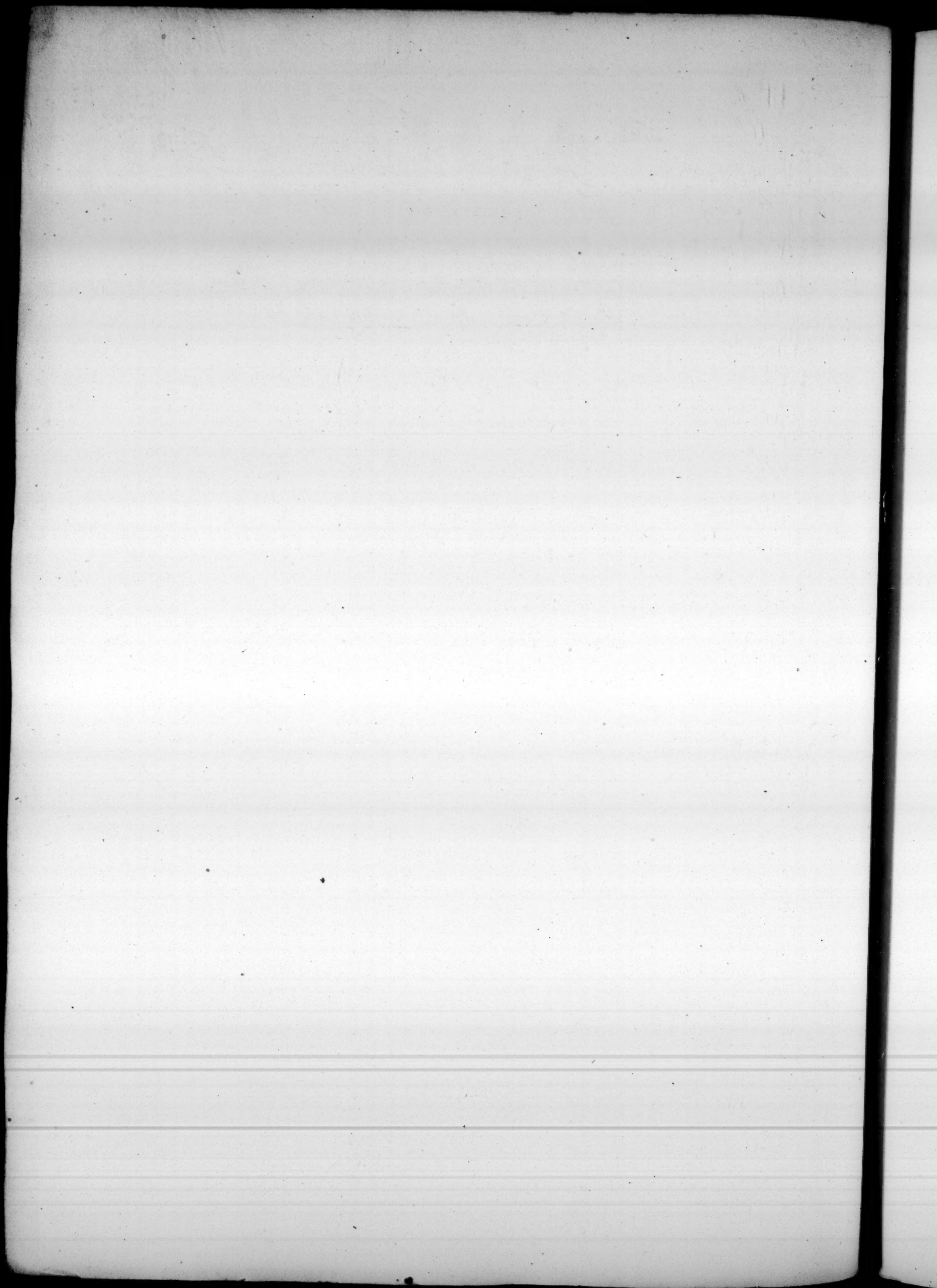
Lo! on yon long-refounding shore,
 Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;
 What phantomes bathed in infant gore
 Stand muttering on the dizzy steep!
 Their murmur shakes the zephir's wing!
 The storm obeys their pow'rful spell;
 See, from His gloomy cell
 Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
 Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
 And lowers along the ruffled sky.
 To the deep vault the yelling harpies run*,
 Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
 Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering fun,
 And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.
 Hell howls: and fiends that join the dire acclaim
 Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

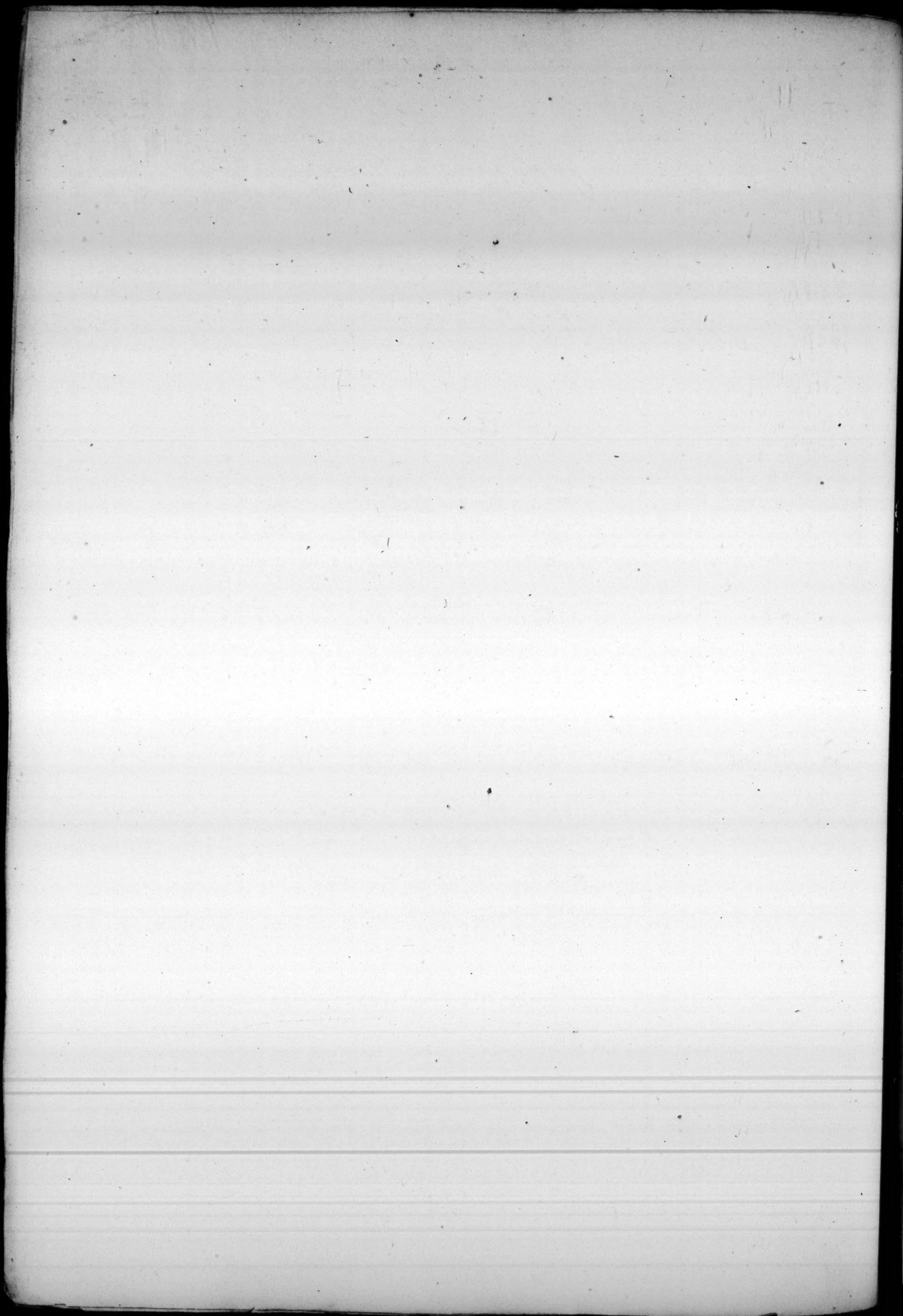
III. 3.

But ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
 Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
 On Death's cold cheek will Passion glow?
 Or Music warble from the tomb?
 There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
 Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.

Young

* The Witches in Macbeth.





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That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
That swept them down the floating tide,
Say when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye :
Yon Hill whose gold-illumin'd brow
Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below ;
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er yon murm'ring flood
Hung wildly-waving to the rustling gale ;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the 'lone owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with Summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r,
Or heard some Lover's plaintive lay,
When by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy tale.

I. 3.

Ye wilds where heav'n-rapt Fancy roves,
 Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves!
 Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
 Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells!
 Ghosts that in yon lonely hall,
 Lightly glance along the wall;
 Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
 At the silent mid-night hour,
 Stand array'd in spotless white,
 And stain the dusky robe of Night;
 Or with slow solemn pauses, roam
 O'er the long, founding, hollow dome!
 Say mid yon desert' solitary round,
 When Darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
 Does ne'er some dismal dying sound
 On Night's dull serious ear rebound,
 That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming years?

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
 When Caledonia's martial train,
 From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
 Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!

When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear ;
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong flight :
Yon Tow'rs then rung with wild alarms !
Yon Desert gleam'd with shining arms !
While on the bleak hill's brightning spire,
Bold Vict'ry flam'd, with eyes of fire ;
Her limbs celestial robes infold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke :—her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul of fight.

II. 2.

But ah, what hand the smiling prospect brings !
What voice recalls th' expiring day !
See darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing Moment bursts away !
So from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-ey'd Fancy stands in sweet surprize :
The vale where musing Quiet treads,
The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,
Or streams where Zephyr' loves to stray
Beneath the pale Eve's twinkling ray ;
Or waving woods detain the fight :—
—When from the gloomy cave of Night

Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
And wraps the flying scene that fades, and swims, and dies

II. 3.

Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom!
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail!
O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train;
Wailing-wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below!
While the dull Night's startled ear
Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear!
Or stand with thin robes wafting soon,
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon!
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere death's fell arm had mark'd its aim;
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey;
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump
of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh?
Feels not each shrub the Tempest's pow'r?

Rocks

Rocks not the dome when whirl-winds fly?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar?
Lo! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
What Fanes, what Tow'rs o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time!
I see Palmyra's temples fall!
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall!
Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-ey'd Owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode*:
Where scepter'd once, an earthly God!
His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier clime,
Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy soars
sublime.

III. 2.

Hark!—what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale?
Ah! what soul-thrilling scene appears!
I see the column'd arches fail!
And structures hoar, the boast of years!
What mould'ring piles decay'd
Gleam thro' the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud Genius rear'd her awful brow!
Sad monument!—Ambition near,
Rolls on the dust and pours a tear;

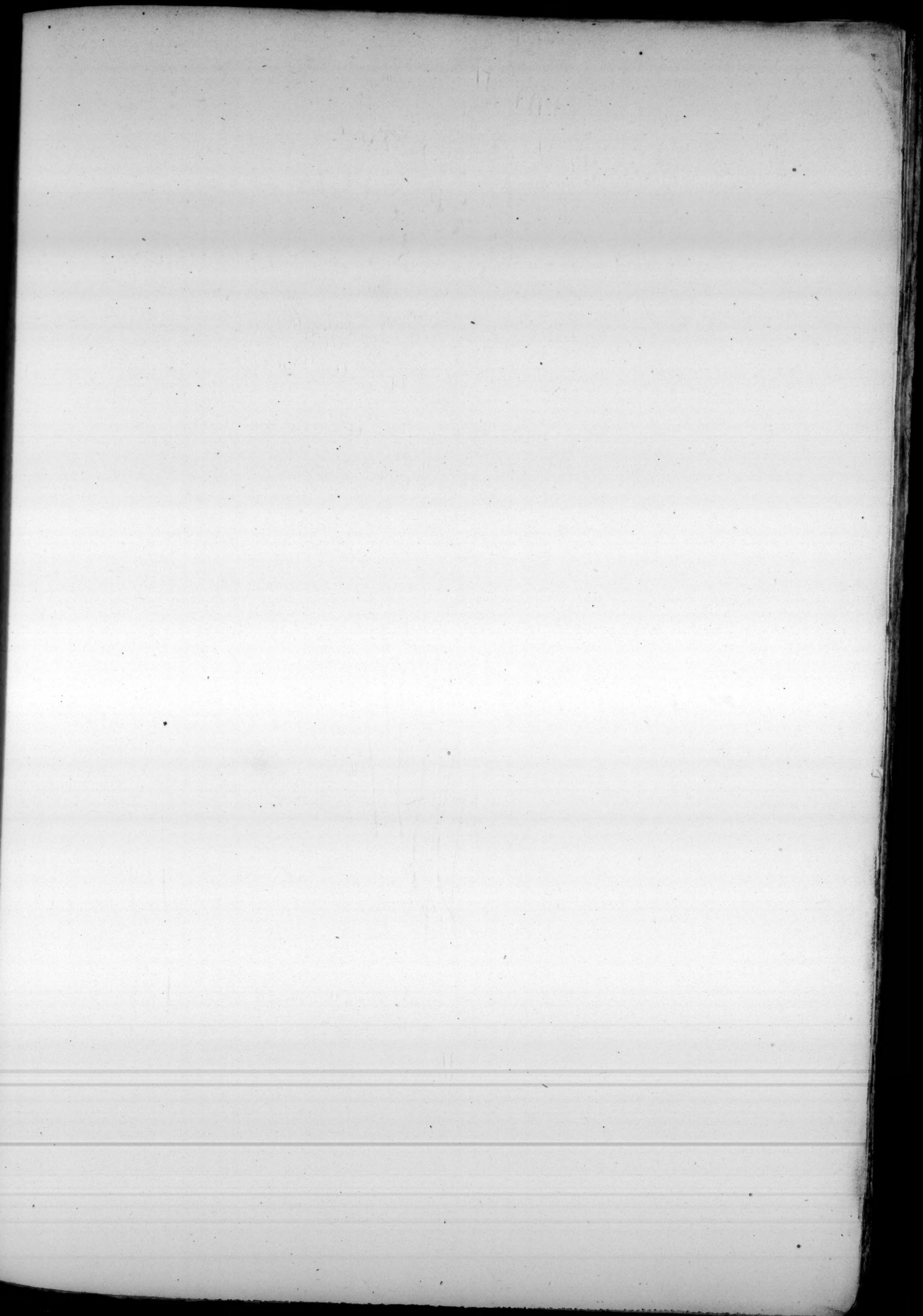
Pale

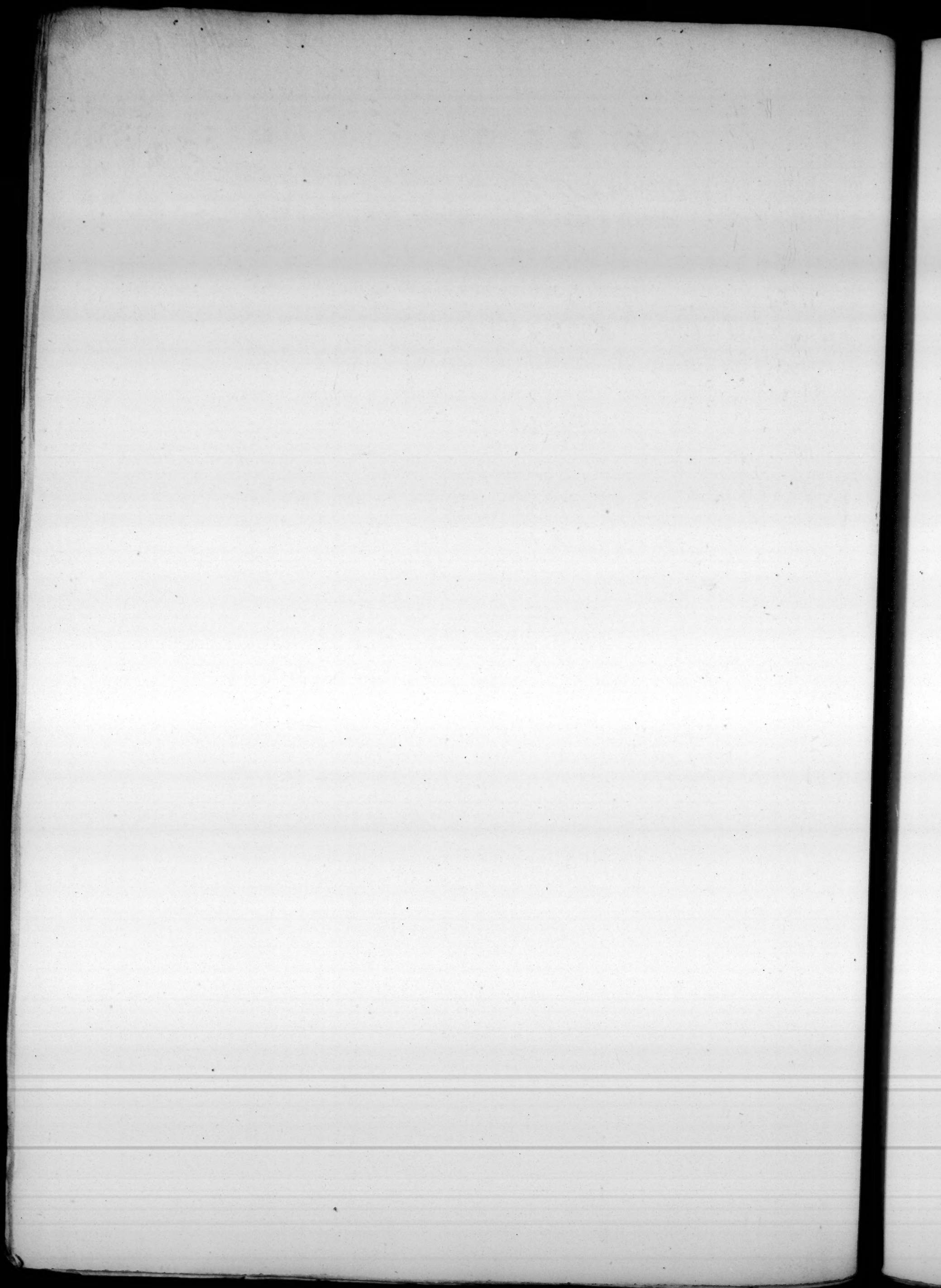
* Persepolis.

Pale Honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
 And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb,
 Slow Patience sits with eye deprest,
 And Courage beats his sobbing breast;
 Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'erflow,
 And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of Woe.

III. 3.

Lo on yon Pyramid sublime,
 Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
 Bleak, naked, wild! where Ruin low'rs,
 Mid' Fanes, and Wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs:
 On the steep height waste and bare,
 Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!
 O'er His scythe He bends;—His hand
 Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
 While the Hours, an airy ring
 Lightly flit with downy wing;
 And sap the works of man;—and shade
 With silver'd locks his furrow'd head;
 Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r His broad survey,
 And seals the Nations awful doom;
 He sees proud Grandeur's meteor-ray,
 He yields to Joy the festive day;
 Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks them for
 the tomb.





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O'erpower'd at last he yields the beauteous prize,
And drops supinely down, and folds an hundred eyes.

3.

Then too let bold-ey'd Fancy come,
With brightning look and bosom bare;
Her features flush'd with vivid bloom,
With flutt'ring wings, and loosely-flowing hair:
Then let all the bursting soul
Boldly dart from pole to pole;
Starting from the airy steep,
Lightly skim the wavy deep;
Up the rough rock let me climb,
'Till thy strong voice with note sublime
Wakes, fires, and thrills with rapid strains,
And leads the lighten'd mind to soft Elysian plains.

4.

Yet then let no fantastic tale;
No ruder thought disturb the dream;
But bear me to yon lonely dale,
Where weeps the willow o'er the murm'ring stream:
Or where in the bow'ry shade
Quiet leans her drooping head,
Where from yonder cave beneath
Sweeps the wild wind through the heath,

E

Or

Or with notes that deeply move,
 Wake all the tuneful soul of Love;
 Let bright Lucinda's charms arise,
 With all the dazzling flame, the lightning of her eyes.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Then on the rapid wings of Fancy born,
 Bold let me soar with steady flight,
 Where bursts the radiant blaze of light;
 Or where Aurora sheds the rosy morn:
 Or lead me where the warbling Nine,
 With flying fingers sweep the melting lyre;
 There soothe with harmony divine,
 Or nobly breathe celestial fire.
 Or in the soft Idalian grove,
 With all the Graces let me rove,
 Where gay Anacreon haunts the genial bow'r,
 And crowns the blushing nymph with ev'ry balmy flow'r.

5.

Oft too with Spencer let me tread
 The fairy field where Una strays;
 Or loll in Pleasure's flow'ry bed*,
 Or burst to heav'n in Milton's high-wrought lays.
 Or on Ariel's airy wing,
 Let me chase the young-ey'd Spring,

* See THOMSON's Castle of Indolence.

Where the powder'd cowslips bloom,
Where the wild thyme breathes perfume :
Or with solemn steps, and sad,
Slow let me haunt the deepning shade,
Where Richard, thro' the opening ground
Beheld the white-rob'd Ghost, and mark'd the gushing
wound.

6.

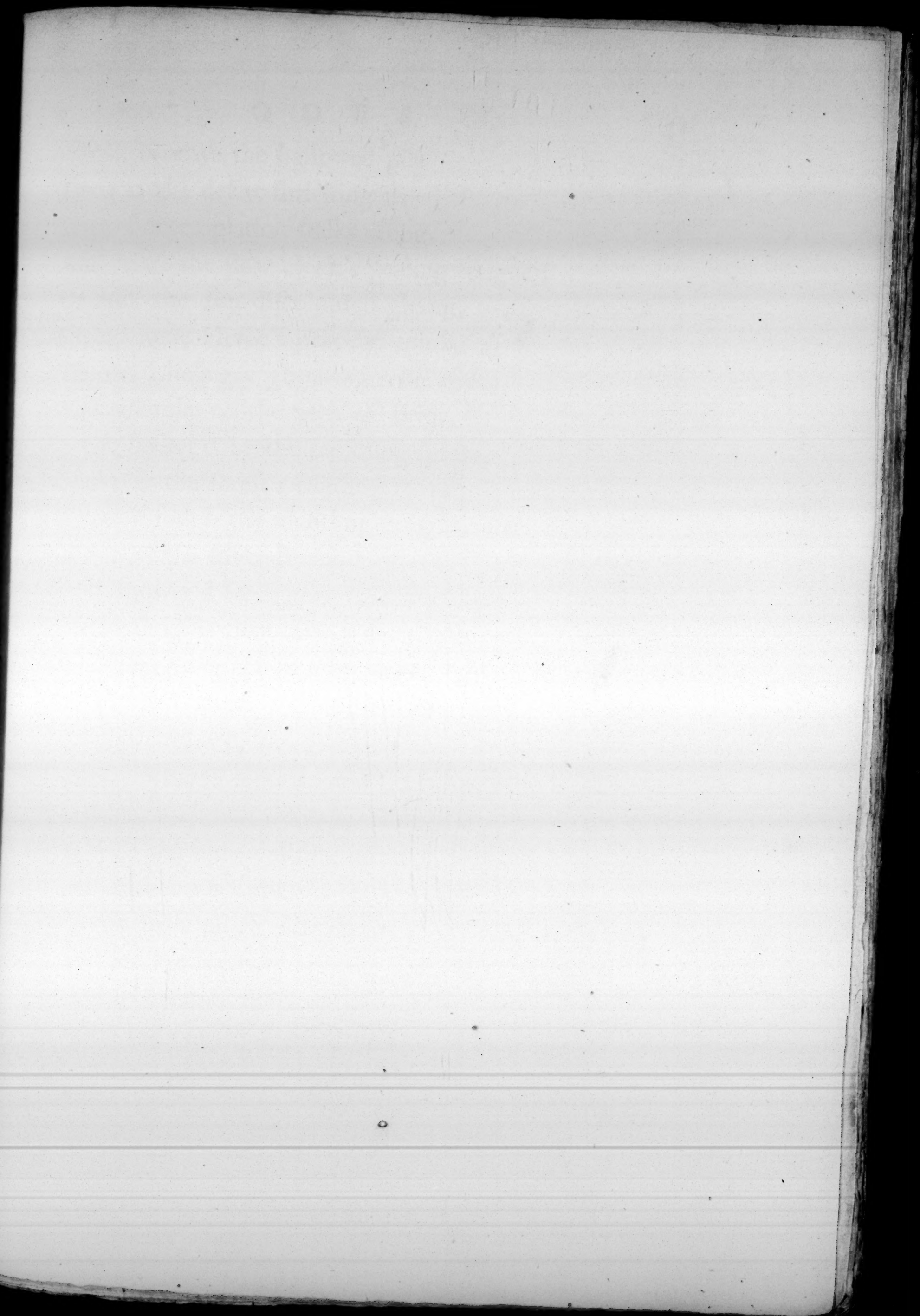
Come, gentle God, with magic wand
Of pow'r to calm the soul of Care :
From Envy's grasp to loose the brand,
Or lull th' envenom'd snakes that prompt Despair :
Bring the Vision's airy show,
Yews that wave o'er Lethe flow,
Glimm'ring beams, and taper blue,
Rod, that drops with Stygian dew ;
Sloth, on down supinely laid,
And flow-ey'd Ease that droops the head,
Pale Languor wrapt in thoughtless gaze,
And wild Oblivion lost in Fancy's boundless maze.

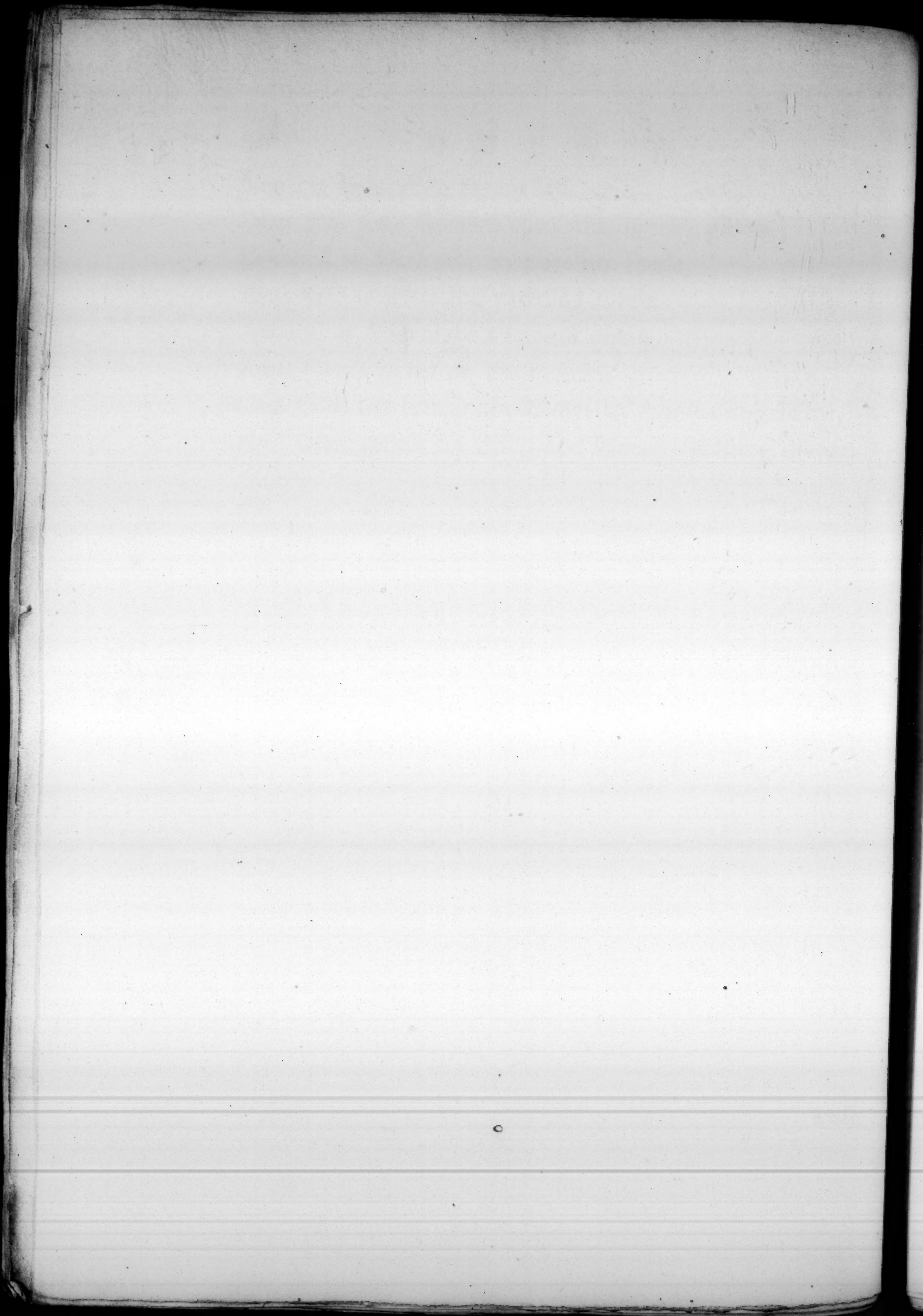
R E C I T A T I V E.

See Night's dun robe involves the pathless waste !
Black clouds in heaps confus'dly thrown,
Roll awful o'er her gloomy throne :
While thro' the dark cave sweeps the whistling blast :

Yon car by boding ravens led,
Bears the 'lone Goddess thro' the murky gloom;
Before slow Darkness breathes her shade,
And Rest forsakes the yawning tomb.
Around at Mid-night's solemn noon,
Rapt Fancy gazes on the moon:
Care folds her arms, nor knows th' unpleasing theme,
And Grief dissolving shares the sweetly-soothing dream.

O D E





While beneath the hallowed pile
Deep in the desert shrieking ile
Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue ;
Or mid' the dun discoloured gloom,
Sits on some Heroe's peaceful tomb,
Throws Life's gay glittering robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.

Oft shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
Lead o'er the forest's winding maze ;
Where through the mantling boughs, afar
Glimmers the silver-streaming star ;
And, shower'd from every rustling blade
The loose light floats along the shade :
So hovering o'er the human scene
Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene ;
By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away :
Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
Floats all the busy bustling mind ;
While Memory's unstain'd leaves retain
No trace from all th' ideal train.

But see the landskip opening fair
Invites to breathe the purer air !
O when the cowslip-scented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,

When

When on her amber-dropping bed
Loose Ease reclines her downy head;
How blest! by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in wild ecstatic dream!
Die to the pictured wish, or hear
(Breathed soft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays, by angel-harps refined,
As half unchain the fluttering mind,
When on Life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.

Lo, where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn!
While led by every gentler power,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour.
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the scene below;
Where feebly-glancing thro' the gloom
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb:
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark Lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow-sailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare
Shoot glimmering thro' the misty air;
Dim as the vision-pictured bower
That gilds the faint's expiring hour,

When rapt to ecstasy, his eye
Looks thro' the blue etherial sky.
All heav'n unfolding to his sight!
Gay forms that swim in floods of light!
The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome sublime,
The towers in glittering pomp display'd;—
The bright scene hovers o'er his bed.
He starts:—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obscure the less'ning rays;
On Memory still the scene is wrought,
And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.

On the airy mount reclin'd
What wishes soothe the musing mind!
How soft the velvet lap of Spring!
How sweet the Zephir's violet wing!
Goddeſs of the plaintive ſong,
That leads the melting heart along;
O bid thy voice of genial power
Reach Contemplation's lonely bower;
And call the Sage with tranced ſight
To climb the mountain's ſteepy height;
To wing the kindling wiſh, or ſpread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enlivening red;
Come hoary Power with ſerious eye,
Whoſe thought explores yon diſtant ſky;

Now when the busy world is still,
 Nor Passion tempts the wavering will,
 When sweeter hopes each power controul,
 And Quiet whispers to the soul,
 Now sweep from Life th' illusive train
 That dance in Folly's dizzy brain :
 Be Reason's simple draught pourtrayed,
 Where blends alternate light and shade;
 Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
 Sport on the bubble's glittering side ;
 Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
 And Frenzy watch the fading moon ;
 Paint Superstition's starting eye,
 And Wit that leers with gesture fly,
 Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
 And green-eyed Envy gnaw the heart ;
 Let Pleasure lie on flowers reclined,
 While Anguish aims her shaft behind.

Hail, Sire sublime, whose hallow'd cave
 Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave ;
 Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
 Far on the lone deserted shore,
 Where Orellano's rushing tide
 Roars on the rock's projected side.
 Hence bursting o'er thy ripened mind,
 Beams all the Father's thought refined :

Hence oft in silent vales unseen,
Thy footsteps prints the fairy green ;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quivering bough
Sweet warbling breathe ;—the Zephirs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft on bending osiers laid
The broad sun trembling thro' the bed ;
All-wild thy heav'n-rapt Fancy strays,
Led thro' the soul-dissolving maze,
Till Slumber downy-pinioned, near
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear ;
The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks enlarged in beamy day.

ODE to INNOCENCE.

'T WAS when the flow-declining ray
 Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold ;
 No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
 No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold.

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd
 Sat wrapt in thought a wandering swain ;
 Calm Peace compos'd his musing mind ;
 And thus he rais'd the flowing strain.

" Hail Innocence ! celestial maid !
 " What joys thy blushing charms reveal !
 " Sweet, as the arbour's cooling shade,
 " And milder than the vernal gale.

" On Thee attends a radiant Quire,
 " Soft-smiling Peace, and downy Rest ;
 " With Love that prompts the warbling Lyre,
 " And Hope that soothes the throbbing breast.

" O sent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
 " Where squinting Envy ne'er can come !

" Nor

“ Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
“ Nor Anguish chills the living bloom.

“ But spotless Beauty rob’d in white
“ Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin’d ;
“ Serene as heav’n’s unfully’d light,
“ And pure as Delia’s gentle mind.

“ Grant, heav’nly power ! thy peaceful sway
“ May still my ruder thoughts controul ;
“ Thy hand to point my dubious way,
“ Thy voice to soothe the melting soul.

“ Far in the shady sweet retreat
“ Let Thought beguile the lingering hour ;
“ Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
“ And twining olives form the bower.

“ Let dove-ey’d Peace her wreath bestow,
“ And oft’ sit listening in the dale,
“ While Night’s sweet warbler from the bough
“ Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

“ Soft as in Delia’s snowy breast,
“ Let each consenting passion move ;
“ Let Angels watch its silent rest,
“ And all its blissful dreams be Love.”

T H E

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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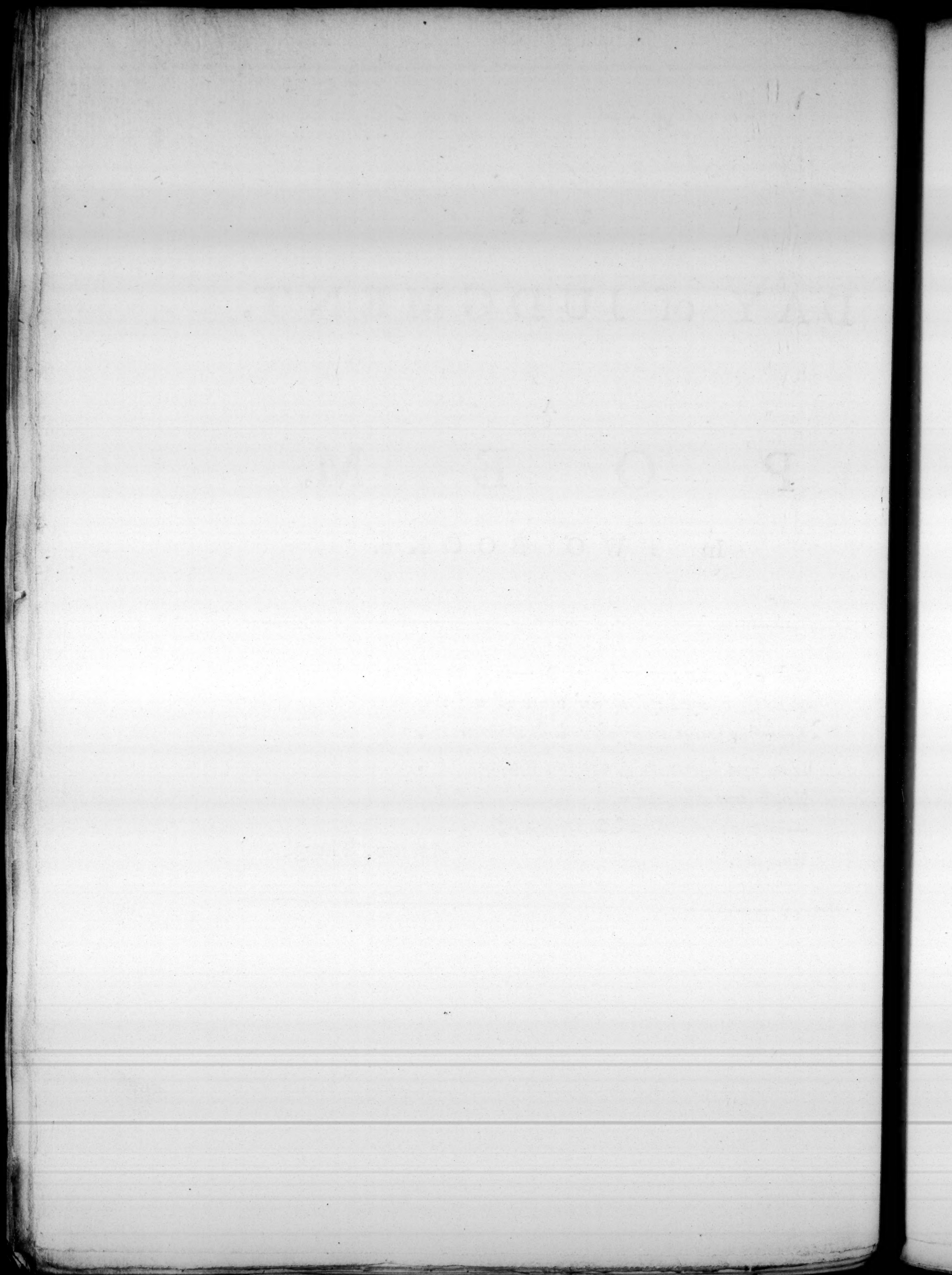
THE
DAY of JUDGMENT.

A
P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐτι Ζεὺς ἰσχεύ' ἔον μένῃ. — ἐκ δὲ τε πάσαν
φαίνει βίην· ἀμυδίς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ἔρανε ἠδ' ἀπ' οὐλύμπου
Ἀστραπῶν ἐσειχε συνωχάδον· οἱ δὲ κεραυνοὶ
ἱκλᾶρ ἅμα βροντῇ τε καὶ ἀσεροπῇ πῶλοντο
χεῖρ' ἀπο σίλαρης. —
— ἀμφὶ τε γαῖα φερεσβίῃ ἐσμαραγίζε
καίομενη.

HESIOD. Theog.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF FINDLATER AND SEAFIELD;
ETC. ETC.

THE FOLLOWING
P O E M,

RENDERED LESS INCORRECT,
AND IT IS HOPED,
NOT ALTOGETHER UNWORTHY
OF HIS PROTECTION,

IS,
WITH THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,
INSCRIBED

BY
HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED,
MOST OBEDIENT,
AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. OGILVIE.

G

Aberdeen,
May 31, 1759.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

THE 14th DAY OF MAY 1841

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN WITNESS WHEREOF

T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS POETRY in general, and particularly *Rhyme*, is, of all others, that species of writing which lies most open to criticism; a few blemishes (which are sometimes to be found even in the most correct pieces) will be easily pardoned by a good-natured reader. Horace's rule in this case, is an admirable one :

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine; non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

This will, I am persuaded, be allowed, if it is considered, that an improper allegory, a long period, a forced expression, nay a word and even a sound too often repeated, is sufficient (at least with some people) to spoil the beauty of a poem. Reason decides principally on the merit of other productions; but, in this, one must endeavour to please both the judgment and the ear. The former are perhaps composed only for a few speculative men, who are unfashionable enough to read for instruction: but the latter is universally perused; and it is ten to one, but every Reader is, or at least will pretend to be, a Critic. A composition of this last kind, is, like a piece of fine painting, in which the parts must be adjusted with

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the nicest propriety ; the colouring lively, but delicately blended ; and one disproportioned feature, is enough to make the whole ridiculous.

IF then we ought to make such ample allowances for a poem, when it is composed on trivial subjects, and is addressed only to the imagination, how much further should those be extended, when its great aim is to touch the heart ! The difficulty of such an undertaking, is certainly a powerful advocate in its favour ; but the design itself, to a pious mind, must necessarily be an irresistible one.

THE human heart, like a citadel surrounded with almost inaccessible bulwarks, must (ere one can obtain access to it) be attacked with the firmest intrepidity ; the several avenues that lead to it discovered, and numberless accidents surmounted in the way. A man must rouse the *conscience*, alarm the passions, captivate the imagination, and interest the judgment. There is perhaps no subject, that affords a nobler fund of materials for effectuating such an end, than the *general conflagration* : a subject, attended with this remarkable advantage, (which, by the bye, is peculiar to Divine Poetry), that the most elevated idea we can form of it, will fall infinitely short of reality. What expression can paint with adequate
em-

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emphasis the solemnities of this tremendous scene! when the last trumpet shall proclaim, with a sound dreadfully audible, AWAKE YE DEAD AND COME TO JUDGMENT! when miriads shall burst from their once peaceful repositories, and hear an *irrevocable sentence* pronounced by their CREATOR! when “a mighty angel (to use the language of inspiration), shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer:” when the great SAVIOUR of men “shall be seen coming in the clouds,” surrounded with a triumphant company of superior intelligences, “and heaven and earth fly away before him!” Then only shall we know this *transaction*, when we make a part of the concourse; then only shall we form just conceptions of this almighty JUDGE, when we are summoned to his tribunal!

As the following is one of the first essays of early youth*, an impartial account of my design is the best excuse I can make for it.

THOUGH, in the *ancient poets*, we may sometimes meet with a few random thoughts, and undigested draughts of the *day of judgment*; it will yet, I presume, be allowed, that the most elegant, beautiful, and particular detail of
it,

* The Poem was finished at first before the Author was seventeen.

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it, is contained in the *sacred writings*. The several circumstances are there exhibited, in a manner so suited to the majesty of the subject, that (setting aside their inspiration,) the *glowing imagery* which heightens their descriptions, and their graceful simplicity, both in expression and sentiment, must be admired by every man of taste. I have endeavoured to show the justice of this observation, in the following attempt, by pointing out a few passages, which appeared remarkable to me for peculiar delicacy; and beauties, which I will venture to call inimitably fine: a design, that (so far as I know) has not yet been fully executed by any writer; tho' the late ingenious Mr. PHILIPS intended to have done it, had not death prevented him.

THE best method I could recollect for adjusting the successive incidents, is that I have fixed on, and pursued.

THOUGH one may be struck with an uncommon thought, or judicious reflection; it is yet certain, that our imaginations are generally warmed, and the passions rise in proportion to our opinion of the *persons* who tell us a story, and of the *actors* who are interested in it. Upon this principle, I cannot help thinking, that my subject appears with more advantage, when the author is
sup-

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supposed a *witness* to every thing that passes, and is conducted through the whole by a *heavenly guide*, than it could possibly have done in a simple narration, however smooth in diction, or animated in sentiment.

AFTER all, if any one should think that a *dream* is no proper medium for illustrating the most awful, and to men the most interesting scene that can be imagined; I desire him either to fix on a better, or peruse (if he pleases) the ivth chapter of JOB, where he will find the most important truths communicated to *Eliphaz* in a similar form.

IF I might recommend the few sheets I have wrote on this subject for any thing, it is their design; and this, I am persuaded, with a pious or judicious reader, will go a great way to excuse their blemishes. If, however, they should excite some superior genius to attempt the theme, and describe it to better purpose, I shall not only be satisfied, but even

—glory in the work I did not write. Univ. Pas. Sat. II.

T H E

CHAPTER

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the various species of the genus. The author gives a detailed account of the habits and habits of each species, and also of the geographical distribution of the genus. The second part of the book is devoted to a description of the various species of the genus. The author gives a detailed account of the habits and habits of each species, and also of the geographical distribution of the genus.

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T H E
DAY of J U D G M E N T.

B O O K I.

——— *Circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.* OVID. Metam.

COME, heav'nly muse, my raptur'd soul inspire,
Touch with one beam of thy celestial fire,
A soul, that rising with sublime delight
Leaves worlds behind in its aerial flight;
Mounts o'er the skies, unusual heights to soar, 5
Where YOUNG and angels only flew before.

I LEAVE unheeded ev'ry mortal care,
The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war :
A nobler aim invites my song to rise :
No praise I sing, but his who form'd the skies : 10
No scenes, but Nature's burning vaults display'd ;
No pow'r, but that which wakes the sleeping dead.

H

My

50 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

My theme how vast! The sun's extinguish'd rays;
 Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze;
 That doom, the guilty wretch must dread to hear; 15
 The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere;
 The crouds that burst from earth's dissolving frame;
 All Heaven descending, and a World on flame.

O THOU, whose hands the bolted thunder form,
 Whose wings the whirlwind*, and whose breath the storm:
 Tremendous GOD! this wond'ring bosom raise, 21
 And warm each thought that would attempt thy praise.
 O! while I mount along th' etherial way,
 To softer regions, and unclouded day,
 Pass the long tracks where darting lightnings glow, 25
 Or trembling view the boiling deeps below;
 Lead thro' the dubious maze, direct the whole,
 Lend heav'nly aid to my transported soul,
 Teach ev'ry nobler power to guide my tongue,
 And touch the heart, while thou inspir'st the song. 30

"T WAS

* *Whose wings the whirlwind, &c.]* thought, darts away through the regions of space;—an element, of whose swiftness the human mind can scarce form an idea, is yet a vehicle so infinitely disproportioned to its Creator, that he only walks on its impetuous wings.
 How inimitably beautiful is the Psalmist's description of the Deity, (Ps. civ. 3. where he is said "to walk on the wings of the wind!" An element which, with the rapidity of

'Twas at the hour, when midnight Ghosts assume
 Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom;
 When the pale Spectre bursts upon the view;
 When Fancy paints the fading taper blue;
 When smiling Virtue rests, nor dreads a foe; 35
 And Slumber shuts the weeping eyes of Woe:
 'Twas then, amid the silence of the night,
 A graceful Seraph stood before my sight,
 And blaz'd meridian day,—the rocking ground
 Flam'd as he mov'd, and totter'd as he frown'd. 40
 As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare
 Shoots a long stream that brightens all the air,
 So flam'd his burning eyes:—earth heard and shook
 When from his lips these dreadful accents broke:

“ Now is that hour, when at th' Almighty's call, 45
 “ Surrounding flames shall melt the yielding ball;
 “ When worlds must blaze amid the general fire,
 “ And suns and stars with all their hosts expire.
 “ The long-delay'd, th' important day is come,
 “ (All nature quake with terror at the doom.) 50
 “ For which creation rose supremely fair,
 “ Each world was launch'd, and hung upon the air,
 “ O'er system system roll'd, a shining throng,
 “ And mov'd in silent harmony along.

52 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“ That hour is come, when GOD himself shall rise, 55
 “ Sublime in wrath, and rend the burning skies ;
 “ Arrest the boundless planets, as they roll,
 “ And burst the labouring earth from pole to pole ;
 “ Bid hell’s remote dominions hear and shake,
 “ While Nature sinks, and all the dead awake.” 60

WARM’D as he spoke, I felt th’ enliv’ning ray ;
 Then loos’d from earth, triumphing soar’d away :
 We mount at once, and, lighter than the wind,
 Left, as we flew, the distant clouds behind.
 Then far remov’d beheld th’ abodes below, 65
 And wait in deep suspense th’ impending blow.

Now o’er the brightning east Aurora spread,
 And ting’d the blushing cloud with morning red ;
 The hill’s proud summit caught the waving gleam :
 The pale ray trembled on the quiv’ring stream ; 70
 Then opening gradual from the shades of night
 The cloud-topt forest shone with dawning light,
 Serene the beauteous landscape rose to view,
 The mead’s green mantle wet with spangling dew, 74
 The gay-rob’d flow’rs that glow’d with heighten’d bloom,
 And bow’ring dales, and groves that breath’d perfume.

So

So when the Tempest's sweepy blast is o'er,
 Nor bursts the rushing wind, nor prattling show'r:
 No hov'ring mist obscures th' emerging day,
 Wide o'er the prospect pours the streamy ray; 80
 A fresher cloud the dewy fields exhale,
 With richer fragrance blows the balmy gale,
 The echoing hills with louder notes rebound,
 And all th' illumin'd landscape rings around.
 Charm'd and surpriz'd we saw the fair abode, 85
 The plains with beauty's flow'ry offspring strow'd,
 Beheld the city's distant spires arise,
 Or tow'r's dim top that touch'd the bending skies;
 Or view'd the wild, with trackless paths o'ercast,
 Where roams the lion thro' the naked waste; 90
 Or pensive, ey'd the solitary pile
 Where flits the night-bird thro' the glimm'ring isle:
 Struck deep with woe, we mark'd the domes o'erthrown
 Where once the Beauty bloom'd, the Warrior shone;
 We saw Palmyra's mould'ring tow'rs decay'd, 95
 The loose wall tott'ring o'er the trembling shade!
 Or fall'n Persepolis that desert lay!
 Or Balbec's fanes that catch'd the quiv'ring ray!
 Vain pomp of pow'r!—now in the throne of kings
 Shrieks the 'lone owl, the raven shakes her wings. 100

THEN

THEN o'er the boundless deeps our eyes were roll'd,
The waves all brightning flam'd with beamy gold.
Here mov'd in gradual rows the billows heave,
There on the rough rock foams the madning wave,
Or dash the torrents down the cliff's steep side, 105
Or thro' the cavern sweeps the rushing tide ;
We mark'd the river's long majestic train,
And streams that murmur'd o'er the flow'ry plain,
The lake whose waves with lucid radiance glow,
Not finer tints impress the show'ry bow, 110
The fountain bubbling thro' the moss-clad hill,
And wand'ring wild the sweetly-tinkling rill.

THEN o'er the champain's broider'd lawns we stray,
Where gaily warbling thrill'd the wood-land lay,
Survey'd with rapture all th' inviting scene, 115
The vary'd landscape, and the vivid green ;
A charming train of all the muses themes,
Gay meads, and pointed rocks, and purling streams ;
Hills, vales, and woods in sweet disorder spread,
And blooming fields in all their pomp display'd. 120
Still at each look, (amid the countless store)
We mark'd some feature unobserv'd before ;
As in the cheek with opening roses warm,
Each piercing glance improves the growing charm.

THEN fighting deep, distracted at the view, 125
 " Adieu, I cry'd, ye blifsful fcenes adieu :
 " That Sun muft ceafe to gild the flow'ry plain :
 " The Moon be loft with all the ftarry train :
 " Plung'd in one fire, each mighty frame confume,
 " 'Tis God, th' Eternal God has feal'd their doom." 130

Lo! at the word (each tranfient ray withdrawn)
 A low'ring cloud at once o'ercaft the dawn :
 From its dark breaft, with swelling tempefts ftor'd ;
 Pale lightning flash'd, and dreadful thunder roar'd.
 Earth's glowing bofom felt a fudden wound, 135
 And ftrong convulfions rent the opening ground ;
 The rapid Whirlwind with impetuous fweep
 Burfts from its vaults, and rais'd the labouring deep ;
 Rocks, cities, fstreams at once its wond'rous prey,
 It fwept the woods, and bore the hills away. 140
 Thus, when Olympus fhook with loud alarms,
 * When all th' angelick hofts appear'd in arms,
 Each adverfe legion ftood unmov'd with fear,
 Each God-like Cherub wav'd a flaming fpear ;
 Hills, forests, rocks their mutual rage fupply, 145
 They flung th' enormous mountains thro' the fky,
 From

* *When all th' angelic hofts, &c.*] See MILTON's battle of the angels.
 Book VI.

56 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

From the deep earth th' exalted cedars tore,
And buried Nature in the wild uproar.

BUT now, with terror rising on the sight,
* A burning Comet flash'd unufal light. 150
Quick as the wind, the wing'd destruction came
O'er all the void, and drew a length of flame;
Shap'd thro' the parting clouds its dreadful way,
And pour'd on earth intolerable day.
At once the cave its inmost void displays; 155
The waving forests catch the spreading blaze;
The earth no more its central fire contains,
It rag'd and swell'd resistless o'er the plains.

Now in a broader range the deluge raves,
And rolls triumphant thro' the boiling waves; 160
O'er

* *A burning comet, &c.*] That the general conflagration will be effected by the near approach of a comet to the sun, is at least a probable supposition; and probability, in a subject of this kind, is the utmost that can be expected. The atmosphere of those irregular bodies, (which the learned have been so much puzzled to account for), is, by the observations of the most curious, thought to consist of a continual efflux of smoke, rising at first to a determinate height from all parts of the comets themselves, and then making off to that which is opposite to the sun. It would seem reasonable from this to conclude, that the conflagration must necessarily be a consequence of supposing the earth involved in this atmosphere, if we take in the prodigious quantity of fire lodged in its own cavities.—But is not the account still more credible, when we add to these the action of the sun, which in this conjunction will be doubly intense?

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 57

O'er all the hills the rising flames aspire,
The Mountains blaze, a mighty ridge of fire!
Where stood the snow-crown'd Alps, (an awful name!)
Now roll'd the doubling smoke, and spiry flame;
While o'er the * Andes in a whirlwind driv'n 165
Burst the blue gleam, and darkness wrapt the heav'n.
Ev'n Ætna rocks with a reluctant groan,
Sunk in a flame more dreadful than its own:
A fiery stream the deep Volcano pours,
And from its mouth incessant thunder roars. 170

EACH humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,
The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom;
Not Asia's fields th' impetuous flood retain,
It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign.
Whate'er to view revolving seasons bring, 175
Each opening flow'r, the painted child of Spring,
Bleak Winter's snow, with Summer's rosy pride,
And Autumn's ripening stores, augment the tide:
On its broad wave it bears the shining spoil,
Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and oceans boil. 180

SUCH, man, thy life, when Death's relentless rage
Crops thy gay bloom, or chills thy with'ring Age;

I

In

* *The Andes, &c.*] A vast range of mountains which cover about a thousand leagues in *South-America*.

In vain thy wish would stop th' invader's pow'r,
Who spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.

O! how transported with a fleeting dream 185
We fondly launch, and glide along the stream!
Nor think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or death,
The storms above us, and the wrecks beneath!
When lo! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,
It low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads; 190
Bounds o'er the seas, and with destructive sweep,
Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.

WHERE now the nation, whose controuling law,
Rul'd ev'ry state, and held a world in awe?
Say where, BRITANNIA, thy remoter plain? 195
Thy fields enrich'd with Plenty's welcome train?
Thy fleets, to sound their dreadful fame afar,
And rule the deep, the thunderbolts of war?
Still in my thought thy happier days detain'd,
When GEORGE, when ANNA, when ELIZA reign'd; 200
I see, I hear the battle's wild alarms,
See trembling foes, and thy triumphant arms!
I see sublime the floating navy rise,
The pompous streamers waving as she flies!
I see the shudd'ring hosts that round her fall, 205
The * haughty Spaniard here, and there † the Gaul.

* *The haughty Spaniard here, &c.*]
 PHILIP II.

† ——— *and there the Gaul, &c.]*
LEWIS XIV.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 59

I see great BOURBON fainting and dismay'd,
And view the laurel blasted on his head.
O! while my Country's glory fires my lays,
How my fond heart runs lavish in her praise! 210
But see, 'tis fled!—I urge, implore its stay,
In vain: the charming Vision dies away;
The plains where once her shouting armies stood,
The stream's broad wave that blush'd with hostile blood,
Roll'd in the mafs of fire neglected lay, 215
And join'd th' involving cloud that hid the day.

ALL, all was lost on earth's consuming frame,
One gen'ral wreck, one undistinguish'd flame:
To aid the fire BRITANNIA'S domes combin'd,
Nor left one trace of all their pomp behind. 220
So when Old Earthquake bursting from the Pole,
Heaves the high mound, or shakes the tumbling mole;
His island-arm disturbs the deeps around,
His voice like thunder rocks the labouring ground:
Then stands proud Teneriff's majestic brow, 225
And looks superior o'er the wrecks below;
Bursts the broad field!—in wild confusion spread
Hills, cities, rocks, fall thund'ring in the shade;
He bows! and tott'ring o'er the verging gloom,
Marks the stupendous waste, and seeks the tomb. 230

Lo! there the graceful fabric now defac'd,
 Wide swells the torrent thro' the burning waste.
 The lofty tow'r compleat in ev'ry part,
 That stood (by millions rear'd) the boast of art;
 The firm, compacted wall, that long defy'd 235
 Each battering ball that thunder'd on its side;
 Th' Ægyptian pyramid, majestic dome!
 Where Kings exchange'd the scepter for the tomb;
 The sculptur'd brass, the monumental stone,
 In one promiscuous heap were all o'erthrown, 240
 Whate'er beneath the forming hand was wrought,
 By labouring ages to perfection brought.
 Now prone in dust, to swell th' aspiring flame,
 Sunk its proud brow, and lay without a name.

SEE earth's pale sons! a mighty throng appear! 245
 How wild their looks with agonizing fear!
 Swift, as the hart, from her pursuing train,
 Climbs the steep rock, and flies along the plain:
 'Tis thus, the tempest's dreadful rage to shun,
 They sweep the field, and shiver as they run. 250
 Here yawning gulphs their dreadful wrecks disclose,
 There nature labours with convulsive throws:
 Here the flame bursts, and blazes to the skies,
 There flash the pointed lightnings on their eyes.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 61

Amaz'd, aghast the trembling throng retire, 255
Eye the bright gleam, and mark the speeding fire;
Hung on the steepy cliff, all wild with dread,
Heav'n's awful thunder rattles o'er their head!
The skies above with doubling roars rebound,
Below strong Earthquakes rend the tott'ring ground. 260
'Tis noise around, 'tis chaos all beneath;
One scene of Horror, Tumult, Rage and Death,
Bursts on their sight! the fatal word is past,
And panting Nature groans, and breathes her last.

So, when tempestuous at th' ETERNAL'S word 265
The teeming skies a wat'ry deluge pour'd;
The vast Abyss its mighty deep display'd,
And the flood rose o'er ATLAS' towering head;
Some nation fell, in each augmented wave
Dissolv'd, and earth was one prodigious grave. 270

MARK where yon mines their radiant stores unfold,
PERU's rich dust, or CHILI's beds of gold!
Insidious Bane! that makes destruction smooth,
Thou foe to virtue, liberty, and truth!
Whose arts the fate of monarchies decide, 275
Who gild'st Deceit, the darling child of Pride!
How oft, allur'd by thy persuasive charms,
Have earth's contending powers appear'd in arms!
What

62 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful reign!
 For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main! 280
 Travel'd from pole to pole with ceaseless toil,
 And felt their blood, alternate, freeze and boil.

SEE where a crowd thro' desert AFRIC spreads,
 The sun's bright glories blazing o'er their heads!
 See, where thro' INDIA's distant climes they pour! 285
 See countless throngs on GUINEA's burning shore!
 See waving forests fall to make them room!
 See, scoop'd for wealth the rock's expanded womb!
 See, each deep gloom admits the solar ray!
 See, thro' the cavern bursts meridian day! 290
 See earth, air, ocean, storms, and thunders dar'd!
 For what?—some pebble their immense reward!
 Or bullion'd earth that sets the breast on fire,
 Or hoards that tempt th' insatiate soul's desire.

BUT now the mantling flames in concourse join, 295
 And deep descending seize the burning mine;
 Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
 'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
 When lo! a cloud just opening on the view
 Illum'd with dazzling light th' etherial blue! 300
 On its broad breast a mighty Angel came,
 His eyes were lightning, and his robes of flame,
 O'er

O'er all his form the circling glories run,
 And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun ;
 His limbs with heav'n's aërial vesture glow, 305
 And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow.
 As shines the brightning steel's refulgent gleam,
 When the smooth blade reflects the spangling beam,
 Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,
 Green, gold, and vermeil, trembling as it plays ; 310
 So flam'd his wings along th' etherial road,
 And earth's long shores refounded as he trod.
 Sublime he tower'd ! keen Terror arm'd his eyes,
 And grasp'd the redning bolt that rends the skies ;
 One foot stood firmly on th' extended plain 315
 Secure, and one repel'd the bounding main ;
 He shook his arm ;—the lightning burst away,
 Thro' heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
 Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous, thro' the gloom,
 And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom. 320
 Then to his lips a mighty Trump apply'd,
 (The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunders dy'd)
 While all th' involving firmaments rebound
 He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound :
 These dreadful words he spoke—, 325

“ BE dark, thou Sun, in one eternal night !

“ And cease, thou Moon, to rule with paler light !

“ Ye

64 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“ Ye Planets, drop from these dissolving skies !
 “ Rend, all ye Tombs ; and, all ye Dead, arise !
 “ Ye Winds, be still ; ye Tempests, rave no more ! 330
 “ And roll, thou Deep, thy millions to the shore !
 “ Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high !
 “ And Time, be lost in vast eternity !

“ Now, by Creation's dread tremendous Sire,
 “ Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire ; 335
 “ By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd King ;
 “ By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing ;
 “ Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
 “ Forms, or confounds with one commanding nod ;
 “ Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow, 340
 “ Whose Glance like lightning looks all nature thro' :
 “ By Him I swear !” (he paus'd, and bow'd the head,
 Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said)
 “ Attend ye faints, who in seraphic lays
 “ Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise : 345
 “ Ye hosts, that bow to your Almighty Lord,
 “ Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word !
 “ Thy reign, O Man, and Earth, thy days are o'er !
 “ I swear by Him, that Time shall be no more,”
 He spoke : (all nature groan'd a loud reply ;) 350
 Then shook the Sun, and tore him from the sky.

O! would some angel's awful voice controul
Each drooping thought, and swell my rising soul;
Would some descending seraph tune the lyre,
And warm my breast with more than mortal fire: 355
The scene I draw sublimer strains would claim,
Ev'n those might labour on so vast a theme!
But why for aid invok'd th' immortal throng?
Why call'd angelic fire to tune my tongue?
I see each look distracted, terrify'd, 360
The harp untouch'd hangs idly by their side.
I see, I see omnipotence in arms,
Each bosom trembling at the shrill alarms!
I see the Sun fall thro' th' etherial plains;
The Moon's pale disk a bloody tincture stains: 365
The dreadful call each mightier orbit hears,
And worlds unhing'd come tumbling from their spheres.

WHAT pomp, what terror, tumult, and amaze!
What crowds to view! what wrecks to swell the blaze!
What loud volcanoes roar! (ev'n fiends recoil) 370
What rocks to melt? what oceans yet to boil!

SHOULDST thou behold, in dreadful league combin'd,
At once great Ætna and Vesuvius join'd;

66 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Two mighty rivals from their center rock,
 Surround the deep, and hide the clouds in smoke: 375
 Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name!)
 Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading flame!
 Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves prevail,
 Compar'd to this?—a feather, and a gale!

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads come,
 All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb: 381
 O'er the broad deep the loosen'd members swim;
 Each sweeping whirlwind bore the flying limb;
 The living atoms, with peculiar care,
 Drawn from their cells, came speeding thro' the air: 385
 Whether they lurk'd, thro' ages undecay'd,
 Deep in the rock, or cloth'd some smiling mead;
 Or in the lily's snowy bosom grew;
 Or ting'd the sapphire with its lovely blue;
 Or in some purling stream refresh'd the plains; 390
 Or form'd the mountain's adamantine veins;
 Or, gaily sporting in the breathing Spring,
 Perfum'd the whisp'ring Zephyr's balmy wing:

All

387. *Whether they lurk'd, &c.*]

*Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per
 oras,*

*Sive inter venas teneri concreta me-
 tallis,*

*Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit her-
 bis,*

*Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in
 unam*

*Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat
 artus*

*Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia
 membra.*

ADD. Resurrec. delineat.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 67

All heard ; and now, in fairer prospect shown,
Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone : 395
Here stood, improv'd in strength, the graceful frame,
There flow'd the circling blood, a purer stream :
The beaming eye its dazzling light resumes ;
Soft on the lip the tinctur'd ruby blooms ;
The beating pulse a keener ardor warms, 400
And beauty triumphs in immortal charms.

So when by RAPHAEL's happy pencil wrought
Some graceful figure rose, inform'd with thought,
Each part by turns the working hand pourtray'd,
Here cast the light, and there diffus'd the shade ; 405
A richer bloom each flying touch bestow'd ;
Now on the cheek a brighter vermeil glow'd :
Art in the piece with Nature seem'd to strive,
And ev'ry blushing feature look'd alive.

WHAT scenes appear, where'er I turn my eyes ! 410
How wide the throng ! what forms innum'rous rise !
Methinks I still behold the teeming earth
Pour all at once her millions at a birth !
They start with terror thro' the opening ground,
Flames all beneath, and thunders all around, 415
What manly vigour reigns in ev'ry part,
Fires the broad breast, and swells the bounding heart !

68 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Not earth's first-born a mightier concourse stood,
 Who tower'd like mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood;
 Not He, who thro' opposing legions broke, 420
 Flung the rough stone, or heav'd th' unwieldy rock,
 E'er felt such force, when from th' o'erwhelming blow,
 Amaz'd and trembling run the frightened foe;
 When, at each look, surpriz'd, and struck with dread,
 Whole hosts retir'd, and wonder'd, as they fled. 425

ARE these the forms, that languishingly fair,
 Repin'd, and sicken'd at each breeze of air?
 The tender frames, like fading roses pale,
 Whose leaves are shrivel'd by the ruffling gale?
 To death's destructive dart an easy prey, 430
 That sunk, and feebly sigh'd the soul away?

THIS clouded scene attempt not to explore;
 Where Reason sinks, 'twere madness then to soar:
 Heav'n that to each the just proportion brought,
 Here bounds the flight of vain bewilder'd Thought: 435
 When Fancy plays within its proper sphere,
 It smiles, and shows th' unsully'd object clear;

When-

422. *Flung the rough stone, &c.*] *rock, &c.*] AJAX. See his combat
 HECTOR. See the Iliad, lib. 12. with Hector described, lib. viii. and
 Ibid. ——— *heav'd th' unwieldy* xiv.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 69

Whene'er from that the erring guide removes,
'Tis dark ; all else but puzzles, not improves.

THUS, when some Indian, for the shining gem, 440
Tempts the rough sea, or plunges in the stream ;
The prize obtain'd, each cautious diver saves,
Who dives too deep, is bury'd in the waves.

Look round, my soul, o'er ev'ry scene below,
What millions rise, distinguish'd by their woe ! 445
See widows, orphans, mothers, infants slain,
A feeble, harmless, weeping, fainting train !
What crowds, extinct by an untimely doom,
Are torn from life in Youth's deluding bloom !
A throng of mourners sighing by their side, 450
The hoary sire perhaps, and virgin bride ;
The friend whose eyes with gushing streams o'erflow,
The mother pierc'd with agonizing woe.

SEE ! where the Shade, to strike his gasping prey,
Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way ; 455
Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings.
See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
Pale Rage behind, and Terror strides before.
Not Beauty with'ring in the bloom of years, 460
Not dove-ey'd Innocence dissolv'd in tears, Not

70 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Not kneeling Love that trembles as it prays,
 Not heart-struck Anguish fix'd in stupid gaze!
 Not all the frantic groans of wild Despair;
 Not helpless Age, that tears its silver hair; 465
 Can stay one moment the severe command,
 Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand.

HERE pause:—the crowds extended on the bier
 Claim from the filial heart a parting tear;
 Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies, 470
 One mournful burst of sympathizing sighs.

O Death! terrific 'ere thy dart is try'd!
 Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of Pride;
 What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign!
 What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast domain! 475
 Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to show,
 Like SAMPSON'S, sweeps its thousand at a blow:
 Or give the cannon's parting ball to fly,
 Or wings the lightning glancing thro' the sky,
 Or bursts the opening ground (whole fields destroy'd) 480
 The city tumbling thro' the dreadful void!
 If, in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast
 Th' unpeopled earth, and lay the nations waste;
 Tho' all her sons the victims of thy pow'r,
 Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour; 485
 Yet

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

71

Yet know, should all thy terrors stand display'd,
'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with dread:
That solemn scene the suppliant captive mourns;
That scene, intrepid Virtue views, and scorns.

THINE, Virtue! thine is each persuasive charm, 490
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm;
Thine all the bliss that Innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.
What tho' thy train, neglected, or unknown,
Have fought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone? 495
Tho' torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting eye?
Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh?
Tho' oft, with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest?
O envy'd misery!—what soft delight 500
Breath'd on the mind, and smooch'd the gloom of night:
When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;
When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye survey'd,
And Joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade. 505

Now all appear'd ascending from the tomb,
Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb:
The crowds that live in all th' unbounded skies,
Now rais'd the trembling head with wild surprize:

Stars

72 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Stars with their num'rous sons augment the throng, 510
 Each world's majestic offspring tow'r'd along:
 Thick, as the burning sun's meridian rays,
 The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze;
 The swarms that flutter, when the day's withdrawn;
 The throng that rises with the rising dawn; 515
 The world supported by JEHOVAH's care,
 And all the race that peoples all the air,
 Rang'd on a field by labouring angels rear'd,
 In dreadful length th' innum'rous throng appear'd:
 Earth's noblest sons, the mighty wretched things, 520
 Call'd Heroes, Consuls, Cefars, Judges, Kings,
 Now swell'd the crowd, promiscuous and unknown,
 The meanest slave from him who fill'd a throne:
 Each tyrant now would bless the yawning tomb,
 And Pride stands shudd'ring at th' approaching doom. 525

THINK you beheld ten thousand armies stand,
 All form'd, and rais'd by some divine command;
 Saw where the giants burst their dark abode,
 While the tomb labour'd with th' unusual load.

Let

§11. *Stars with their sons, &c.*] I cannot see any reason for confining the general judgment to the inhabitants of our own world; unless we can bring ourselves to believe, that all those around us (which will share in the same destruction) are only a vast collection of uncultivated deserts: a supposition founded on nothing but this one argument, viz. that it cannot be confuted by ocular demonstration.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 73

Let Theseus, Samson, tow'r upon the plain, 530

With stern Achilles, from a field of slain:

Let Rome's and Greece' triumphant sons appear,

A Cesar there, an Alexander here:

Her splendid multitudes let Persia join,

Thy swarms, Thermopylæ, and, Iffus, thine. 535

See Cannæ tainted with a purple flood,

And great Pharfalia's fields that stream with blood:

Extend the view:—See god-like Trajan's pow'r:

Th' intrepid chief proceeds from shore to shore,

Flies on the foe, and paints the reeking field with gore! 540

Lo! next a throng of wild Barbarians come,

The crowds that triumph'd o'er imperial Rome:

See, like a cloud that gathers on the day,

Th' embattled squadrons shape their dreadful way:

Prodigious hosts! who (all their foes o'erthrown) 545

Once rul'd supreme, and made a world their own:

Next Asia's millions fill th' extended space,

Known from the rest, a soft, unmanly race;

While there, (each bosom rough with many a scar)

Stand Afric's troops, the stormy sons of war. 550

COLUMBUS' world, a wide innum'rous throng,

Swells on the straining fight, and pours along,

Blest race! ere Discord snatch'd the gleaming shield,

Ere War tremendous thunder'd o'er the field,

L

Ere

74 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Ere Freedom ranging o'er Peruvian plains ; 555
 Mark'd their dire waste, and heard the clanking chains:
 At once dim Sorrow veil'd her shining eyes,
 She spread her dazzling plumes, and ey'd the skies ;
 Guilt, Rage, and Death, terrific shapes ! appear,
 The distant tumult murmur'd on her ear ; 560
 She sigh'd ;—and mounting on the glancing ray,
 Shot o'er the scene, and fought the climes of day.

Now rous'd to life th' assembled myriads trod,
 No tyrant o'er them shakes th' avenging rod ; 564
 'Tis Conscience speaks !—th' impartial mandate giv'n
 Consigns to Death, or opes the climes of heav'n ;
 Her looks divine the fever'd thought controul,
 Her voice like music thrills th' enraptur'd soul.

BUT see, where rising, a resplendent throng,
 Thy sons, Europa, claim a nobler song ! 570
 Lo ! Britain's heroes burst upon the fight,
 Each chief who dar'd th' exulting foe to fight !
 View the wide fields, where fainting armies bled !
 See BLENHEIMS, CRESSI's, AGINCOURT's display'd !
 War, blood, destruction, triumphs, conquests rise, 575
 And kings, and patriots bless th' enraptur'd eyes !
 Let Gallia next her num'rous hosts unfold,
 The crowds she rais'd by force, or won by gold :

Think

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 75

Think you beheld th' united armies spread,
And all the crowds TURENNE, or CONDE led; 580
By CHARLES' unguided rage the throng that dy'd;
The millions murder'd for her BOURBON's pride.

JOIN all at once, or (if the thoughts can soar
So vast a height) yet add ten thousands more!
Say when thy soul its last idea brought, 585
Stretch'd o'er the verge of strong expanded Thought?
When all th' unbounded Genius soar'd on high,
Did e'er such numbers strike the wond'ring eye?
So vast, they mock the soul's confounded fight:
Ev'n thought falls back in its unequal flight! 590
Not tempting Hope the mighty depth can sound,
Nor Fancy's widening ken can mark the bound.

YET, mid' the crowd that pour'd o'er all the field,
A crowd which scarce the labouring eye beheld!
Ye monarchs, hear!—this pomp of nations join'd, 595
These ages, empires, kingdoms, states combin'd,
These boasted thousands, millions, myriads,—all
Shrunk to a point unmeasurably small!
Scarce, when a group of buzzing flies display
Their forms, that glitter with the glancing ray; 600
Scarce less observ'd, mid' all the numbers there,
One flitting wing that feebly fans the air!

L 2

ETER-

ETERNAL GOD, whose word supremely wise
 Can crush, or people all th' expanded skies!
 Who bid'st Creation wait on thy command, 605
 Throw'st worlds like atoms from thy forming hand!
 O! for some nobler, more exalted lays,
 Some heav'nly strains, to speak thy boundless praise!
 All Fancy droops on this transporting scene!
 All Rapture dull! all Elegance is mean! 610
 All Thought too faint! all Colours cease to glow!
 All Fire too languid! all Sublime too low!
 O Thou, whose name all nature joins to raise!
 What seraph's voice can tell thy wondrous ways!
 Who show'd (how god-like was th' amazing plan!) 615
 Thy pow'r on angels, but thy love to man!
 Thy pow'r, thy love, when uncontroul'd and free,
 Crush'd all their hosts, O man! and ransom'd thee.

BUT stay, my muse, be silent and admire;
 This lofty theme exceeds angelic fire! 620
 Mark what new scene thy rapid glance descrys!
 What sudden radiance flashes o'er the skies!
 From heav'n's vast heights th' immortal throng descend;
 The worlds below in mute suspense attend:
 Thro' all its tracts thy mighty theme pursue, 625
 And paint the scenes that burst upon thy view.

Now

Now, touch'd with grief, the pensive guide survey'd
 Whate'er of grand this awful pomp display'd ;
 Then rais'd in silent woe his mournful eyes,
 And paus'd,—till thus with intermingling sighs : 630

“ SAY where, vain mortal ! now the pomp of state ?
 “ The pride of kings, the triumphs of the great ?
 “ Where now th' imbattled host, the whirling car ?
 “ Where the proud spoils of desolating War ?
 “ Hope's flatt'ring wish, Ambition's tow'ring aim ? 635
 “ The boast of Grandeur, and the wreaths of Fame ?
 “ Where the gay plan by Fancy's hand refin'd,
 “ That smil'd illusive on th' enchanted mind ?
 “ Ah ! view'd no more, these beauteous traits decay,
 “ Like stars that fade before the rising day ! 640
 “ Less swift the gale that skims the ruffling stream,
 “ Nor flies more quick the visionary dream.
 “ Hail, heav'nly Piety, supremely fair !
 “ Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair ;
 “ Bid in each breast unusual transports flow, 645
 “ And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of Woe :
 “ How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
 “ Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene !
 “ Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight ;
 “ Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight ; 650
 “ Whose

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“ Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,

“ Can soar at once beyond the views of time :

“ Till loos’d from earth, as angels unconfin’d,

“ He flies aërial on the darting wind ;

“ Free as the keen-ey’d eagle, bears away, 655

“ And mounts the regions of eternal day.”

B O O K

B O O K II.

— *προσεφη νεφεληγερετα Ζευς.* HOM.

ONCE more, O muse, th' ALMIGHTY's pow'r pro-
claim;

Once more, tho' trembling, try th' exalted theme:

A theme, the labour of seraphic lays,

While heav'n's majestic arches ring with praise;

That rais'd at once by all th' immortal choir, 5

Dwells on the warbling voice, and strings the tuneful lyre.

O! if receiv'd amid the vocal throng,

Saints, angels, men, that join the gen'ral song,

If, mid' each heav'nly soul's sublimer strain,

These humbler lays some distant place obtain, 10

(That boast no beauties from improving art,

But feebly breathe the raptures of the heart;)

How blest!—if thou, Great GOD, th' attempt should own,

Or view the meanest off'ring at thy throne.

Now

Now thro' the crowd in dark suspense detain'd 15
An awful, deep, portentous Silence reign'd :
Pale Conscience lowring works a storm within,
Recalls the hours, and paints th' unguarded sin ;
Throws all the masques of shudd'ring Guilt aside,
And bares the front of Envy, Rage, and Pride. 20
Ev'n Virtue sigh'd, —but Hope (an angel-dame!)
O'er all her bosom pour'd celestial flame,
Dispel'd the hov'ring mist that veil'd her eyes,
And show'd afar the bright immortal Prize.
As when at once assembled nations wait 25
Some great event, some dubious birth of fate ;
All stand (with dreadful expectation warm'd)
Depress'd, enraptur'd, frightened, or alarm'd ;
The opening scene each wond'ring thought employs,
And wild Amazement stops the trembling voice : 30
Such, but far more, th' unbounded throng appears,
While nobler hopes, or more distracting fears
Flam'd in each look, they felt a deeper care,
And knew th' extremes of rapture, and despair.

How vast the prize each smiling faint survey'd ! 35
While heav'n's transcendent glories stood display'd !
The brightning eye beheld each fair abode ;
The throbbing breast with more than transport glow'd :
But

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 81

But oh! no words, no image can express,
The fine delight, the flow of melting bliss, 40
The soft emotions thrilling thro' the whole,
The secret springs that touch'd the feeling soul,
When mid' the skies each blooming scene was view'd,
Eternal day! a sun without a cloud!
Surrounding pleasures, boundless as refin'd! 45
'Twas Fancy's food, the music of the mind!

Oh say! transporting thought! can heaven bestow
Such endless prospects for some Years of woe?
Are these the joys for fav'rite souls prepar'd?
Neglected Piety's sublime reward? 50
The opening treasures in eternal store,
T' enrich the mean, the suff'ring, and the poor?
O wond'rous bliss, too vast for mortal's sense!
Amazing love! divine benevolence!
Let heav'nly harps th' immortal anthem raise, 55
And wond'ring angels pour the song of praise.

YE who the tempest's bursting rage sustain,
Toss'd by the whirling wind or stormy main!
Who coolly-calm behold the dark'ning hour,
Upheld by Him who gives the storm its pow'r, 60
Who stand superior in th' important strife,
Or patient climb the rough'ning steep of Life;

M

Yet

82 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Yet bear the shock:—for lo th' advancing shore!
 Soon the black cloud, the wintry blast is o'er!
 See yon gay scenes emerging from the gloom: 65
 See flow'ry meads that breathe eternal bloom!
 See beck'ning angels point your steps away!
 See pour'd o'er all the radiant blaze of day!
 Soon as the mortal veil is dropt behind,
 To heav'n all-ardent springs th' exulting mind, 70
 Nor knows (illumin'd with celestial light)
 Where once it wander'd mid' th' involving night,
 Where thro' the vale all-trackless and unknown
 It pass'd, and trod the devious wild alone.
 Where Darkness o'er the gloomy region spread, 75
 And Virtue trembling stood, or walk'd with dread.

THEN when th' Eternal bids the tempest cease,
 When drops the mould'ring dust, and sleeps in peace;
 Then Faith no more shall point th' uncertain prize,
 Nor lowring clouds obscure the brightning skies, 80
 Nor Hope's warm wish with thrilling ardor glow,
 Nor Virtue languish in th' abodes of woe,
 Nor Care stray musing thro' the wildring maze,
 Nor heav'n-rapt Thought dissolve in eager gaze;
 But o'er the clime immortal Beauty reigns, 85
 Young Pleasure sports along th' aërial plains,
 Each spring of joy celestial strains improve,
 And all the impassion'd soul is lost in love. BUT
 3

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 83.

BUT mark that throng; what keen, destructive smart,
 What piercing Anguish stings the tortur'd heart! 90
 While Pain's fell brood in dreadful concourse join'd,
 Fear, Rage, and Guilt, distract the madning mind;
 The gentler calm, the hours of mercy fled,
 At last slow Vengeance rears its gorgon head,
 No time remains to ease the flutt'ring breast! 95
 No friend to soothe the racking thought to rest!
 No shade to screen from heav'n's impending doom!
 No hope to sleep in yon dissolving tomb!
 'Tis past!—and lo the blackning clouds appear!
 Involving darkness wraps the boundless sphere! 100
 While thro' the gloom just darting on their eyes,
 The last pale beam shoots, trembles, fades, and dies.
 Ah! hopeless train!—what madness to engage!
 To rouse (poor wretch!) Omnipotence to rage!
 Why dar'd you sport, and dally with a God? 105
 Why spurn'd his mercies? why contemn'd his rod?
 Why scorn'd his wrath, despis'd each milder call?
 And forc'd from heav'n th' avenging rod to fall?
 O blind to fate, who, with unguarded haste,
 Would fondly judge the future by the past! 110
 Who once, (deluded with an airy name)
 Flew smooth, tho' quick, o'er time's deceitful stream;
 Who, when th' enchanting Pleasure rose in view,
 Thought, vainly thought, 'twould be immortal too.

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Life ! 'tis the glance of some uncertain ray 115
 A shadowy thing, that smiles, and glides away,
 A clouded landscape, an amusing tale,
 A fleeting thought, a momentary gale,
 A dream, which scarce the waking soul retains,
 And oft the rack, where virtue bleeds in chains. 120

BUT now 'twas o'er :—for from his great abode
 Full on a whirlwind came the dreadful GOD :
 The Tempest's rattling wings, the fiery car,
 Ten thousand hosts, his ministers of war,
 The flaming Cherubim attend his flight, 125
 And heav'n's foundations groan'd beneath their weight:
 Thro' all the skies his forky lightnings play'd,
 With radiant splendor glow'd his beamy head :
 From his bright eyes the trembling throng retire ;
 He spoke in thunder, and he breath'd in fire ; 130
 He stood,—o'er all the boundless glory shone,
 Then call'd, and darkness form'd his gloomy throne ;
 Black

121.—*for from his great abode,&c.*]
 If the reader would see a scene of this
 kind drawn in the richest colours of
 poetical painting, animated with a
 surprising sublimity of sentiment, and
 enriched with a profusion of the most
 exquisite beauties, he will find it in
 the words of an inspired orator, Hab.
 iii. from the 3^d verse.

132. *And darkness form'd his gloomy
 throne.*] I cannot help looking on
 the following passage from the xviiith
 psalm, as the noblest sentiment per-
 haps that ever entered into the mind
 of man. The psalmist is describing
 the descent of the Almighty. 'Tis
 said, “ He bowed the heavens, and
 “ came down, and darkness was un-
 “ der

Black clouds hung awful round the bursting ray,
 And veil'd from sight th' intolerable day.
 So when (elate his glorious course to run) 135
 O'er heav'n's blue region flames the blazing sun;
 The lucid stream o'erpow'rs the orbs of light,
 The slack nerve trembling in the flood of light.
 Should then some cloud his keener rays conceal,
 He glows less dazzling thro' the filmy veil; 140
 His

“ der his feet, and he rode upon a
 “ cherub, and did fly, &c. He made
 “ darkness his secret place: his pa-
 “ vilion round about him, *were* dark
 “ waters and thick clouds of the
 “ skies.” HOMER’S *νεφέλη γέρετα* ZEUS
 makes a noble figure in the Iliad.
 He introduces him always in a man-
 ner *peculiarly graceful*, and seems even
 to rise above himself in the descrip-
 tion. The lines from HESIOD, pre-
 fixed as a motto to the title-page, are
 no way inferior to any thing of this
 kind I have met with in the writings
 of antiquity. VIRGIL has some fine
 portraits on the same subject, ani-
 mated with all the warmth of fertile
 and copious imagination. But where,
 among all these do we find the Deity
 “ bowing the heavens in his descent,
 “ riding on a cherub, walking on
 “ darkness, forming his pavilion of
 “ the thick clouds of the skies, and
 “ appearing, (to give it in MIL-
 “ TON’S inimitable paraphrase),

“ —*Dark with excessive bright.*”

The subsequent verse, by an *ele-
 gant antithesis*, seems (if possible) to
 heighten the beauty of the preceding
 ones. “ At the *brightness* which was
 “ before him, his thick clouds pas-
 “ sed,” &c.—STERNHOLD and
 HOPKINS have given so uncommon
 a turn to one part of this description,
 that I must be excused for transcrib-
 ing it.

*The Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens high;
 And underneath his feet he spread
 The darkness of the sky.
 On cherub, and on seraphim
 Full royally he rode;
 And, on the wings of all the winds,
 Came flying all abroad.*

Every unprejudiced reader will see,
 how much, in this instance, inspira-
 tion is superior to enthusiasm.

86 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

His beams absorb'd their piercing heat detain,
And gentler radiance gilds the flow'ry plain.

Now, man, if e'er, (this awful scene survey'd,)
Thy soul stood trembling with unusual dread ;
If e'er Despair could touch thy throbbing heart ; 145
If e'er thou shook'st at death's approaching dart ;
If, in some fight, thy pitying soul beheld
A murder'd host lie gasping on the field ;
While ev'ry bosom pour'd a purple flood, 149
Wound following wound, and blood succeeding blood :
Attend an ampler scene!—more dreadful far !
See, GOD descends, with millions at his bar !
Lo! the wide field, where thousands in despair,
Would smile at death, and hug the mangling spear ;
Where, fir'd with rage too big to be express'd, 155
They'd bless the reeking blade that tore their breast :
O! with what joy some mortal wound they'd feel !
With what delight they'd clasp the pointed steel !
Hung on the smarting rack, or stretch'd upon the wheel !
Blest, were some mountain, at th' ETERNAL's call, 160
Whirl'd from its base, to crush them in the fall ;
Would heav'n's great Sov'reign hear their only pray'r,
To strew their limbs, like atoms, in the air ;
Would some devouring flame their dust consume,
Or deep Volcano hide them in its womb : 165

With

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 87

With their last breath they'd praise JEHOVAH's name,
And bless their dreadful sentence in the flame.
But ah!—'tis all in vain!—

WHERE am I rapt?—say, is the judgment come,
Is this the hour for man's immortal doom? 170
Is then the mighty Judge already nigh?
Are these his banners waving in the sky?
Support me, heav'n!—I shudder with affright;
I quake, I sink with terror at the sight:
Still, still methinks, I see the God appear; 175
Still bursts the trump, like thunder, on my ear;
Still glows the scene:—O! may it ne'er depart,
But warm each thought, and burn within my heart;
Woo this young breast to seek some fairer clime,
And raise the soul with pleasures all sublime. 180
Then, at that hour, when swifter than the shade,
Time, Life, and Youth, and Pomp, and Beauty fade,
Ten thousand blissful scenes shall charm the mind,
More sweet than life, than beauty more refin'd;
Where heav'nly Youth shall ev'ry smile resume, 185
And on its cheek eternal roses bloom.

SAY, do'st thou long to reach yon distant sky?
Flames ev'ry passion? does thy pulse beat high?

Do'st

88 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Do'st thou with transport view that sparkling crown?
 Does thy soul tremble at thy Maker's frown? 190
 O! think, the mighty prize will ne'er be bought
 By one brisk start, or transient flash of thought:
 'Tis not the blaze of thy uncertain fire,
 The wild, loose fally of some keen Desire;
 Each darting impulse, rapid as the flood, 195
 Or boiling ferment of the tainted blood:
 Can these with awful Justice e'er prevail,
 That weighs each thought in its impartial scale?
 No:—'tis a work that grows upon the sight,
 'Tis god-like Virtue's regular delight: 200
 Th' intrepid soul by passion ne'er alarm'd,
 Improv'd by judgment, as by fancy warm'd;
 Whose zeal with Reason's rigid dictate forts,
 Glows, but not blazes, warms, but not transports;
 Whose conduct, squar'd by ev'ry noble rule, 205
 Forms one proportion'd, just, consistent whole:
 'Tis he who does whate'er a mortal can,
 Yet fees defects, and thinks himself—a man;
 Who, what he wants, or ought not to have done,
 Nor scorns to know, nor e'er will blush to own; 210
 Who knows how weak the aids from virtue brought,
 When Vice, sweet firen! lulls the wav'ring thought,
 When smooth Deceit, in Beauty's robes array'd,
 Tempts the bold Wish along the flow'ry mead:

When

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 89

When keen Temptation prompts the heart to stray, 215
 And the warm tumult melts the soul away :
 Who then from heav'n awaits directing light,
 And stands unshaken in superior might :
 This, this is he, who in serene repose
 Can coolly smile at earth's convulsive throws ; 220
 And, led by angels to their soft abode,
 Can feel that bliss th' ALMIGHTY now bestow'd.

O'ER all the crowd he took one vast survey,
 With eyes that view the darkness, as the day.
 Each deep design, tho' hid behind a cloud, 225
 With secret acts, a countless multitude,
 Whate'er beneath that conscious sun was wrought,
 He knew, and weigh'd in one prodigious thought.
 Thus, (if the muse that dwells on heav'nly themes,
 May stoop to earth, and join two wide extremes,) 230
 When some great gen'ral, with preventive care,
 In vast idea plans the future war ;

N

Here

224. ———*view the darkness, &c.*] This alludes to that inimitable description of the Deity's omnipresence, Psal. cxxxix; in which, after taking a beautiful survey of every thing in nature that can strengthen his argument, (for which the reader may consult Mr. HERVEY's fine paraphrase, Med. vol. ii. p. 15. and 34.) he adds,

Y. 11. " If I say, the darkness shall
 " cover me, even the night shall be
 " light about me:" a thought, to which the *antithesis* gives such peculiar elegance, as may make it vye with the most expressive touches of antient, or modern poetry.

231. *When some great gen'ral, &c.*] This passage may possibly appear with

Here swells a thought that sees whole squadrons slain,
 That plants the murd'ring cannon on the plain :
 Now in his mind the coming triumphs rise ; 235
 He smiles, the pleasure sparkles in his eyes ;
 He feels with joy his raptur'd bosom glow,
 Yet sighs with manly pity o'er the foe.

O! what black scenes that dreadful moment came,
 What guilt that Virtue blushes but to name ! 240
 Crimes that ne'er shrunk at their approaching doom,
 That deep'ned midnight's all-surrounding gloom,

Now

with more advantage, when compared with LUCAN's description of CÆSAR, at his approach to the Rubicon :

*Jamque gelidas Cæsar cursu superaverat Alpes,
 Ingentesque animo motus, bellumque futurum
 Ceperat, ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas.*

Pharf. lib. iii.

Mr. ADDISON has made a noble use of this sentiment in his Campaign, and has the happiest translation of it I can think on :—Speaking of MARLBOROUGH, before he crossed the Mofelle, he tells us,

*Our god-like leader, ere the stream
 he past,*

*The mighty scheme of all his labours
 cast ;
 Forming the wondrous year within
 his thought,
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet
 unfought.*

242. *That deep'ned, &c.*] I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the following passage from Paradise Lost, as it is full of that lively and natural painting which presents an object instantly to the eye of the reader, and is the highest perfection of descriptive poetry.—It is in the account of Satan's adventure with Death upon his arrival at the gates of hell.

*—such a frown,
 Each cast at th' other, as when two
 black clouds,*

With

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 91

Now rear'd with horror their gigantic head,
And claim'd the vengeance heav'n so long delay'd.

YE sons of night, whose each destructive word 245
Stabs with more keenness than a ruffian's sword;
Whose hydra Love can triumph in offence,
A love that smiles at ruin'd innocence:
Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your side
Truth bled, Peace groan'd, and murder'd Virtue dy'd? 250
Did you ne'er think, when frantic with despair
You've seen the anguish of some weeping fair,
Whose voice, once sweet as Philomela's lay,
On darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming day;
Whose snowy bosom heav'd continual sighs, 255
While tears ran streaming from her lovely eyes:
Ah! did you ne'er, with terror at his rod,
Hear the loud voice of an affronted God?
Say, has his rage, his vengeance lost its fire?
Is he not still Almighty in his ire? 260
Is then his potent arm by thee o'er-rul'd?
His thunder blunted, or his lightnings cool'd?

N 2 O!

<i>With heav'n's artillery fraught, come</i>	<i>To join their dark encounter in mid air.—</i>
<i>rattling on</i>	
<i>Over the Caspian, then stand front to</i>	<i>He then adds,</i>
<i>front,</i>	<i>So frown'd the mighty combatants, that</i>
<i>How'ring a space, 'till winds the signal</i>	<i>bell</i>
<i>blow</i>	<i>Grew darker at the frown.</i>

92 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

O! no:—ev'n now his eye pervades the whole;
 Ev'n now he views, he reads thy inmost soul:
 Is there one thought, that (as the darting wind 265
 Uniform'd and fleeting,) glances o'er the mind?
 Is there an act thou trembledst to prolong?
 Or word that dy'd unfinish'd on thy tongue?
 Or form thou view'dst, the phantom of thy fear?
 Or sound that languish'd on th' unfeeling ear? 270
 Didst act some hidden guilt, to man unknown?
 And wast thou then, or thought'st thyself alone?
 Mistaken wretch! whose blind, unequal sense
 With daring aim would judge Omnipotence;
 Thy ken just glancing o'er a bounded span, 275
 Would join with His who reads the heart of man:
 Thou,

272. ———or *thought'st thyself alone, &c.*]

O! lost to virtue! lost to manly thought!

*Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
 Who think it solitude to be alone.*

Complaint, Night iii. ab initio.

274. ———*would judge Omnipotence, &c.*] To secure this passage from an objection, that it makes the Deity interest himself in trifles, I shall only observe, that its design, (and indeed the great one of this performance), is to imprint on the

mind a persuasion of the Divine Omnipotence; to which a simple assent, when not accompanied with a suitable influence on the practice, is like a midnight dream, scarce sooner recollected than forgot; and still less consistent than the reveries of a madman, whose actions are squared by the judgment he forms. Was it firmly believed, what can fill the mind with more awful reverence than the continual presence of its Creator!—was it suitably improved, where can we meet with a more striking incitement to the *love*, and *exercise* of virtue!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 93

Thou, like the beaming of a morning sun,
 That gilds the east, art clouded ere thy noon :
 He, in the blaze of one meridian ray,
 Burns with unfully'd light, and gives eternal day : 280
 Thee fancy, passion's cloudy mists o'ercast :
 His all the future, scanty thine the past.

He view'd in silence all the mighty scene,
 Tho' dreadful, mild ; and awfully serene :
 His justice here for instant thunder cry'd, 285
 But heav'nly Love stood smiling at her side.
 As when some judge (on whose decisive frown
 Destruction lows) ascends his awful throne ;
 His mind no thought of pity can controul,
 His dreaded hand unseals th' important scroll ; 290
 Wild with suspense the doubting suppliant shakes,
 Reads ev'ry look, and trembles ere he speaks ;
 His flutt'ring soul the vivid eye betrays,
 And ev'ry passion varies in his face.
 Thus, round the throne of their tremendous Lord, 295
 All silent wait th' irrevocable word :
 Ten thousand thoughts in wild confusion rise,
 And the rack'd soul shoots thro' the quivering eyes.

He rose :—his looks the coming judgment show ;
 Repentment darken'd his majestic brow ; 300
 Then

94 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Then view'd the throng beneath his footstool spread,
Shook with a nod the burning skies, and said,
(Heav'n's tott'ring concave bow'd, while all around
His wond'ring hosts stood list'ning at the sound.)

“ DEPART, ye damn'd! 'tis I pronounce your doom:
“ 'Tis I, the God who form'd you in the womb: 306
“ 'Tis I, who left each softer scene above,
“ Left the warm bosom of celestial Love,
“ Left heav'n's bright domes, and fought the climes
“ beneath,
“ Left all—for scorn, contempt, and pangs, and death. 310
“ Ingrate! O! tell the vast, th' unpity'd woes,
“ The pangs I bore, to save my mortal foes!
“ Say, when beneath th' oppressive weight dismay'd,
“ Did e'er your hand support my drooping head?
“ When oft I've wept, in all my counsels foil'd, 315
“ Like some fond parent o'er an only child;
“ Did you, when wretched, helpless, pensive, poor,
“ Or soothe my grief, or ope the friendly door?
“ What more than Rage your flinty bosoms arm'd?
“ When deaf to Love, by Vengeance not alarm'd! 320
“ How

313. —*beneath th' oppressive weight,* chose to give the sentiment this turn, &c.] See Matth. xxv. from verse 42^d. as a nearer resemblance must have
316. *Like some fond parent, &c.*] fallen infinitely short of the original,
This has some remote allusion to our in which the simplicity, pathos, and
Saviour's pathetic complaint over delicate beauty of allegory, will need
Jerusalem, Matth. xxiii. v. 37. I no recommendation to a good judge.

“ How oft to win thy soul has Mercy stood !
 “ To fright, how oft stern Justice red with blood !
 “ Yet still ’twas yours, unmov’d, unaw’d by all,
 “ To spurn, to laugh at Pity’s melting call ;
 “ Alike unheard my promise, threat’ning, sighs, 325
 “ ’Twas yours to smile at speechless agonies !

“ TAKE then, ye fiends, the wretches from my sight ;
 “ Take, shroud them deep in everlasting night ;
 “ ’Mid ceaseless torments, never to expire ;
 “ To bear the racks of an eternal fire ; 330
 “ To feel whate’er an injur’d God can claim,
 “ My love rejected, and insulted name :
 “ Bethis their doom.—Th’ ALMIGHTY spoke, and frown’d,
 Heav’n heard, and hell’s remotest regions groan’d.

HE spoke:—’twas done.—To make their millions room,
 The opening gulph disclos’d its burning womb ; 336
 From its black breast the boiling sulphur broke,
 And troops of fiends ascended thro’ the smoke,
 As when his vengeance heav’n’s ALMIGHTY pours,
 He speaks,—and lo ! the forked thunder roars ; 340
 It bursts away, impetuous in its flight,
 Till some vast cloud receives the glowing weight ;
 It lowrs with frowns, the trembling nations gaze ;
 It blots with night the sun’s meridian rays ;

O’er

96 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

O'er the wide skies the rolling darkness spreads, 345
 And hangs, incumbent horror! o'er their heads:
 At length the rattling volleys force their way,
 The livid lightnings flash a paler day;
 O'er heav'n's blue arch the mounting flames aspire,
 And all the wide horizon teems with fire 350

A cloud thus lowring from his brow there came;
 So spouts the deep with unremitting flame.

BUT, O! my soul, th' amazing theme forbear,
 Nor dare to paint what angels dread to hear:
 Let heav'nly bliss thy cooler thoughts confine, 355
 And smooth with softer scenes the flowing line.
 Yet stay!—one moment bid the whole unfold,
 Clear the bright gem from its surrounding mould:
 To warm the breast, and touch unthinking youth,
 An awful pause may cull some useful truth; 360
 May raise the passions with becoming pride:
 'Tis Virtue's call, nor be the call deny'd.

WOULD'ST thou, O man, avoid th' unbounded woe?
 Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures glow?
 Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunder roll, 365
 That rocks the nodding earth from pole to pole?
 Retire;—be deaf to Grandeur's vain alarm,
 Its gilded darts, that sting thee, while they charm: Let

Let Life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more,
Pomp, Beauty, Youth, the bubbles of an hour! 370
Fix ev'ry thought on thy immortal part;
Bid heav'n attend!—then trembling ask thy heart,

“ How have I walk'd thro' all this mazy road?
“ How liv'd, to gain the plaudit of my GOD?
“ How spoke? how acted? how improv'd the boon, 375
“ On all bestow'd, from all resum'd so soon?
“ Say, did I e'er o'er weeping Virtue groan,
“ Return her tears, and make her grief my own?
“ Have I, unmov'd by Sorrow's frantic cries,
“ Refus'd my help, my pity, or my sighs? 380
“ Then hear, Great GOD, (shouldst thou thy aid detain,
“ The noblest wish, the best resolve how vain!)
“ Oh! lend to prostrate dust thy willing ear!
“ Hear, all ye saints! and, ev'ry angel, hear!

O

“ Should

371. —on thy immortal part, &c.] HOMER, (who, through his whole Iliad, has introduced apposite reflections on the uncertainty of life, and the rewards or punishments of a future state), makes Achilles, after awaking from a dream, in which he had seen Patroclus, talk in this manner:

Ω πόποι, ἦ ῥα τις ἐστὶ καὶ εἰν αἰδᾶο δομοῖσι
Ψυχὴ καὶ εἰδῶλον, ἀτὰρ φρενὲς οὐκ ἐνὶ πάμπαν·

Παννύχιν γὰρ μοι Πατρόκλην δειλοῖο
Ψυχὴν ἐφείσθηκε. —Iliad. lib. 23.

'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, tho' dead,
retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind
remains;
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side. —

98 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

" Should yet thy mercy give me years to come, 385
 " If not this hour consigns me to the tomb,
 " On thee alone each fond desire shall rest,
 " No rival love to share it in my breast;
 " I leave, vain world! thy pleasures to thy friends,
 " The fool that asks them, and the grave that ends; 390
 " Each fair, each dazzling object I resign;
 " Be thine my hopes! and all my powers be thine!"

But lo! my soul, the clouds at length are o'er;
 The storms are calm'd, the thunders cease to roar:
 See! blooming Love, as cloudless skies serene, 395
 Smiles heav'nly sweet, and brightens all the scene!

So some loud whirlwind, with resistless sweep,
 Heaves the wild waves, and blackens on the deep;
 The fainting mariners, with pale despair,
 Behold the ocean's boiling bosom bare: 400
 When lo! at once the raving winds subside,
 A gentle breeze plays smoothly o'er the tide;
 Now each, enraptur'd, views th' emerging ray,
 Now breathes delighted in the blaze of day;
 Groves, mountains, woods appear, a charming train! 405
 The ship glides lightly thro' the liquid plain;
 The liquid plain reflects the waving beam,
 And heav'n's fine azure glitters in the stream.

SOME.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 99

SOME seraph, teach my daring song to rise,
O! let me catch the music of the skies; 410
Illume my breast, exalt, refine the whole,
And pour melodious numbers on my soul.

WHAT glories burst on my transported sight!
What charms, with more than mortal beauty bright!
What anthems ring! what melting lays inspire! 415
What god-like angels strike the sounding lyre!
See! ev'ry face the softest smiles assume!
How glows each feature with celestial bloom!
A bloom, untouch'd by all-devouring time;
Like flow'rs that blossom in perpetual prime! 420
Lo! where in fight th' angelic armies move!
See opening fair the balmy climes of love!
Blest climes! where Music strikes the warbling string,
Where joy exulting spreads his airy wing,
Where shrin'd in bliss triumphant Beauty reigns, 425
And Spring's eternal blush adorns the plains.

O! COULD my strains with ev'ry grace appear,
Each thought that fires the soul, or charms the ear;
To me did ev'ry finer art belong,
The richest fancy, and the sweetest song, 430
This heav'nly theme th' harmonious voice should raise,
Warm all my thoughts, and warble in my lays.

100 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

FOR lo! He comes, a Victor o'er the grave,
In triumph mild, exalted but to save :
In crowds th' applauding hosts surround their King ; 435
They tune their harps, and touch the finest string.
Angelic concert ! musically flow,
It steals more soft, than vernal breezes blow :

Then

434. —*exalted but to save, &c.*] As I have endeavoured, through the whole of this poem, to point out such parts of the sacred writings, as contain any sentiment *peculiarly beautiful* on this awful subject ; the reader will (I presume) excuse me for subjoining to these one observation more on the following passage in Isaiah.—'Tis in his 63^d chapter, from the beginning.—The prophet, from a view, as it would seem, of our SAVIOUR'S resurrection, on beholding the several circumstances at that moment presented to him, bursts into an abrupt exclamation (a parallel to which Mr. HERVEY has finely illustrated, in a paraphrase on Solomon's prayer at the dedication of his temple) "Who
" is this that cometh up from Edom,
" with dyed garments from Bozrah?
" this that is red in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his
" strength:" Observe the gradation:—the first question seems to proceed from an indistinct view of the person, "who is this?" what heavenly appearance discovers itself to my senses? whom is it that I be-

hold in this majestic attitude? He then takes a particular survey, and describes him with more accuracy:—"this that cometh up with dyed
" garments." I see (as if he had said with rapturous ardor) his eyes sparkling with fury, and his garments rolled in the blood of his enemies.—He then paints the dignity of his approach, "travelling in the greatness
" of his strength."—One would almost imagine he viewed the majesty of some triumphant hero, reeking from slaughter, and elated with victory.—He at length advances so near as to make a reply; a reply, on which every preceding circumstance reflects a distinct beauty. We would conclude, on perusing the first part, that the sequel was to contain some dreadful menace, or alarming threatening: but how agreeably are we surprized and disappointed when we hear him answer, "It is I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save!" What an improvement is this on another passage, where we are told, that "his
" tender mercies are over all his
" other works!"

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 101

Then swells a sprightly note;—all heav'n replies,
And labouring Echo rings it thro' the skies. 440

Now, bright as heav'n, as mild Aurora fair,
(Whose balmy breath perfumes the purer air,)
He rose, with Mercy beaming from his sight,
Then smil'd and look'd ineffable delight.
As when the nightingale's melodious love 445
Charms the still gloom, and fills the vocal grove;
The list'ning Zephyrs hovering while she sings,
Catch ev'ry sound, and waft it on their wings;
Th' attentive swains her moving accents hear,
That melt the heart, and harmonize the ear; 450
Such, (while each bosom felt unbounded joys,)
Such Music stream'd from his transporting voice:
(While warm'd with more than rapture at their doom,
Each cheek was flush'd, like roses in the bloom.)

“ COME now, ye blest! by heav'n, by me approv'd! 455
“ Ye blest of God! my darlings, my lov'd!
“ Possess whate'er your vast desires can claim;
“ Be endless praises your eternal theme;
“ Tho' once you sigh'd, be all your sighs no more;
“ Tho' once you wept, your mourning days are o'er: 460
“ Now

102 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“ Now raise the song, begin th’ immortal strain ;
 “ Guard them, ye angels, to th’ etherial plain ;
 “ Their harp, their voice let softer themes employ,
 “ And touch the heart, and crown the head with joy.

“ For this I left these skies, to dwell below ; 465
 “ For this my soul felt all the stings of Woe ;
 “ For this the spear, with reeking purple dy’d,
 “ Op’d a wide wound, and lodg’d within my side ;
 “ For this despis’d, forsook, deny’d, I stood,
 “ Pour’d ceaseless groans, and bought it with my blood ;
 “ Delightful prize !—to taste its sweets, is thine : 471
 “ Yours all the bliss ; to know the pain, was mine.
 “ But lo ! your vast reward at length is nigh ;
 “ That dazzling Crowd awaits you in the sky !
 “ Now boundless bliss shall all your grief repay, 475
 “ Wipe off your tears, and give your sighs away.”

HERE pause :—no more by man can be exprest ;
 Ye faints, ye wond’ring seraphs tell the rest !
 As thro’ the clouds some towring eagle springs,
 And flies like lightning on impetuous wings ; 480
 He views unmov’d the burning sun display’d :
 The waving fire plays harmless round his head ;

Quick as a thought of the aëreal mind,
 To heav'n he mounts, and leaves the stars behind :
 Thus, rapt at once from our attending view, 485
 Thro' the broad gates the rising Concourse flew ;
 Till far remov'd, scarce to the distant sight
 The Triumph glow'd, with fainter glories bright ;
 Ascending still, till it appear'd no more :
 We look'd, and all the swimming scene was o'er. 490

BUT now (more charming than the rising sun)
 The blooming angel smil'd, and thus begun :
 Sweet as the tawring lark's mellifluous song,
 The melting accents warbled on his tongue !

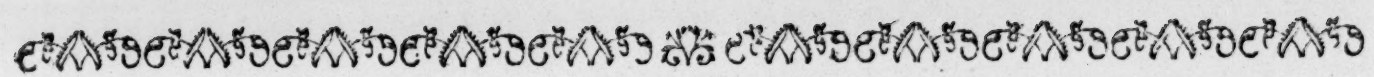
“ 'Tis done :—for now that shining train remov'd 495
 “ Enjoy the bliss, and praise the God they lov'd ;
 “ They live, they reign, eternally serene,
 “ With not one cloud, to interpose between,
 “ Say, when thy gazing eyes survey'd the whole,
 “ Did dawning rapture beam upon thy soul ? 500
 “ Burns not thy swelling breast to join the choir ?
 “ Is ev'ry Passion wing'd with fond desire ?
 “ Would'st thou, with transport fir'd to mount above,
 “ Ascend ? and melts not ev'ry thought with love ?

THEN,

104 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THEN, (all his frame with heav'nly glories bright, 505
Each lovely feature glowing with delight!)
He thus burst out:—"O! who thy name can praise!
"What Angel's voice can tell thy wond'rous ways!
"Lo! on each lip the HALLELUJAH dies;
"We faint; an awful Rev'ence fills the skies: 510
"All, humbly bending to Almighty pow'r,
"In prostrate silence tremble and adore!"

HE said:—and mounting to the realms of day,
Spread his resplendent wings and soar'd away.



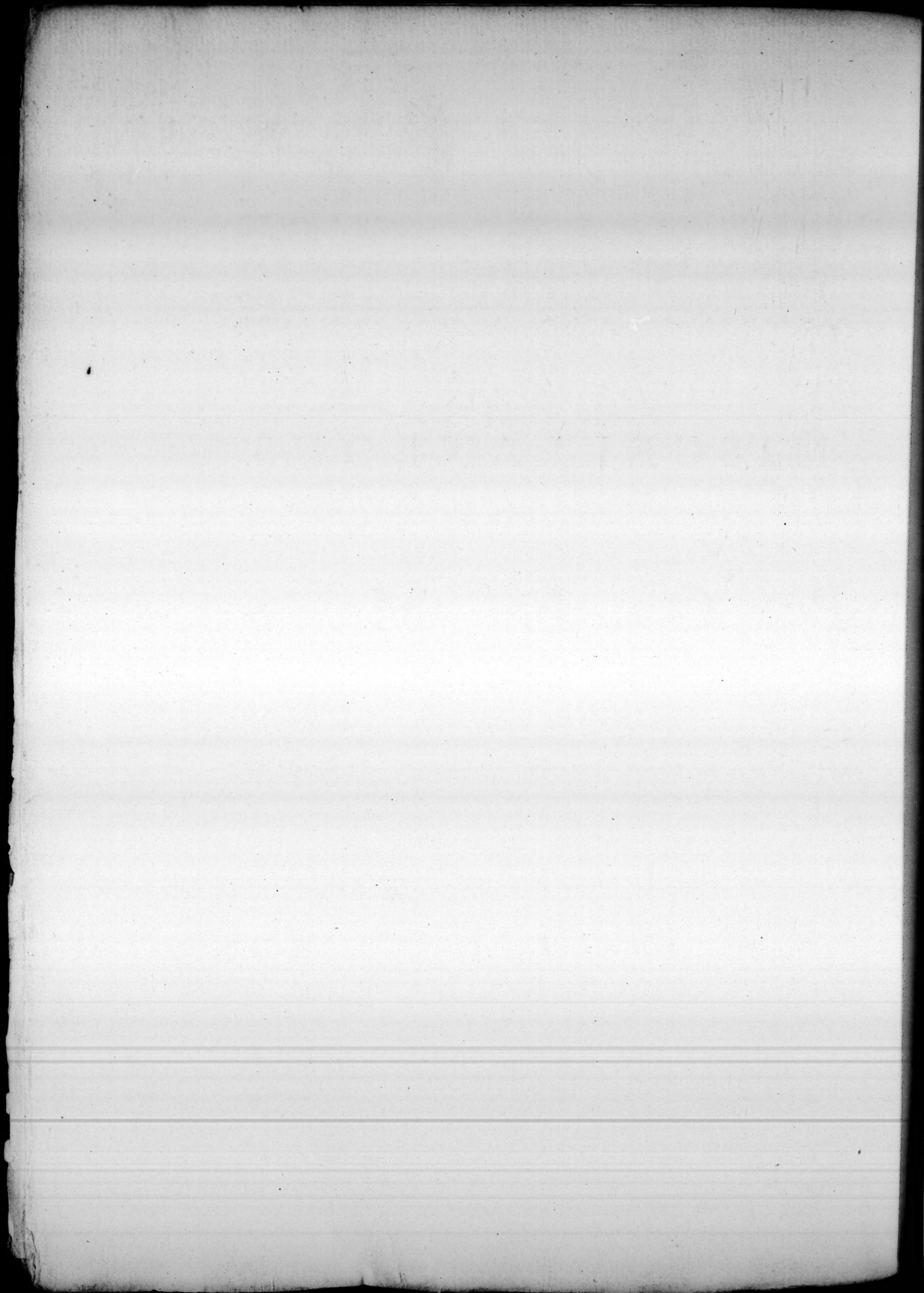
MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S.



P

THE



The 148th PSALM paraphrased *.

I.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name ;
Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme !

P 2

II. Ye

* The Author of this paraphrase was greatly surpris'd, upon looking over the Christian Magazine for September 1760, to find it inserted there, with an elegant introductory letter, and ascribed to an EMINENT PHYSICIAN. It was in truth written by Mr. Ogilvie, when he was very young, was originally printed in the Scots Magazine for February 1753, and was dated from Edinburgh, where he happened at that time to spend the season for his education. He is greatly mistaken, if the *initial letters of his name* are not subjoined to the Poem. Some years afterwards it was sent to an *eminent English Bookseller*, (who if he happens to read this note will recollect the fact); and as a few alterations were

made in that copy, which are adopted verbatim in the Christian Magazine, the Author finds, that *his manuscript*, and not *the printed copy*, has fallen into the hands of some very modest Gentleman. This affair is too trifling to be treated seriously. Only Mr. Ogilvie thought it necessary to assign the reason for which it appears in the present Collection. He owes an acknowledgment to the person who sent this piece to the Authors of the Christian Magazine, for the high panegyric which he is pleas'd to make on it; but is afraid that he will not *receive an acknowledgment* from the EMINENT PHYSICIAN, for ascribing to HIM, the performance of *a boy of sixteen*.

II.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair !
Your *Maker's* wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how He form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

III.

Ye Angels catch the thrilling sound !
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wond'rous mercy sing ;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

IV.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir !
Thou dazzling Orb of liquid fire
The mighty Chorus aid :
Soon as grey Evening gilds the plain,
Thou Moon protract the melting strain,
And praise Him in the shade.

V.

Thou Heav'n of heav'ns, His vast abode,
Ye clouds proclaim your forming god !
Ye Thunders speak His power !

Lo!

Lo! on the Lightnings gleamy wing
 In triumph walks th' Eternal King,
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore*.

VI.

Whate'er the gazing eye can find,
 That warms or soothes the musing mind,
 United praise bestow;
 Ye Dragons sound His dreadful name
 To heav'n aloud, and roar acclaim
 Ye swelling Deeps below!

VII.

Let every element rejoice:
 Ye Tempests raise your mighty voice
 To Him who bid you roll!
 His praise in softer notes declare
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

VIII.

* There is in this verse four lines wholly different both from Mr. Ogilvie's original manuscript and from the printed copy. They are, as follows.

—proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd yon worlds from night!
 Ye shades dispell!—th' Eternal said;
 At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And Nature sprung to light.

Whether these verses (which are among the best in the poem) were or were not inserted in the copy sent to England, the Author cannot positively determine. He believes they are his own. However he has substituted four new lines in their place.

VIII.

To Him, Ye graceful cedars, bow!
Ye towering Mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own!
Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at His look,
And trembled at His frown.

IX.

Ye Flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye Insects fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise!
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft it's spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

X.

Wake all, ye mounting throngs, and sing!
Ye plummy warblers of the Spring
Harmonious anthems raise,
To Him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tip'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

XI.

Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head
In heav'nly praise employ;

P O E M S.

III

Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

XII.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the filky lap of Ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne!
Ye Princes, Rulers, all adore!
Praise Him, Ye Kings! who makes your power
An image of His own.

XIII

Ye Fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal source of love
With Youth's enlivening fire!
Let Age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh His blest name;—then soar away,
And ask an Angel's lyre.

VERSES

VERSES sent to a LADY
with VOLTAIRE'S TEMPLE of TASTE.

IN these gay scenes by glowing Fancy wrought,
See Genius bright'ning thro' the veil of Thought!
Each finish'd draught at once improves and warms,
Each feature breathes, and every picture charms;
The happy pencil long inured to please
Joins strength with taste, and elegance with ease.

MARK in yon Temple's beamy domes reclin'd,
What forms all beauteous strike th' enraptur'd mind,
The train whom Nature lent superior fire,
Who stole her air, her accent, and her lyre;
Who bid her form in breathing marble glow,
Who pour'd her transports, and who felt her woe,
Here rise, as Judgment points the road to Fame,
To juster manners, and a nobler aim:
I thought nicely-true the copious plan reviews,
And Fancy's hand supplies enlivening hues;
Warm from the tints the swelling Figures rise,
And Life's blue beam illumines the speaking eyes;

No roughned dash betrays th' unequal part,
 Nor shade ungraceful points the veil of art;
 But Hope all-radiant soars to worlds of light.
 While Judgment's temperate hand directs the flight,
 Calm Sense and Wisdom take their turn to rule,
 And Reason's piercing eye o'erlooks the soul.

HERE Boileau marks the living draught refin'd,
 The flame of Genius bursting o'er his mind *;
 Yet just to worth, attends the melting strains
 Whose music stream'd along Britannia's plains;
 He marks the ruby'd lip that breathes perfume,
 The cheek where beauty spreads her genial bloom,
 The throng that flutters round th' illumin'd hall,
 The Satyr's venom'd shaft, that drops with gall;
 Then knows superior wit, though near the throne,
 And hails the Bard whose skill surpass'd his own †.

SEE mighty Dacier soars in nobler lays ‡.
 Each lawrel'd Ancient crowns her head with bays,

Q

A

* It is generally allowed, that imagination was not the predominant faculty which characterized the writings of Boileau. He is therefore represented here as having attained that point in which he was principally deficient.

† *And hails the Bard, &c.* The

Rape of the Lock is judged by the best Critics to have been wrote in an higher taste than the Lutrin.

‡ *See mighty Dacier &c.* This Lady's name is not mentioned by Voltaire in his Temple of Taste, though I confess, I cannot see with what reason she is omitted. It is true, indeed,

A tow'ring Genius! whose exalted name
 Employs the tongue, and swells the trump of Fame,
 From Man, proud tyrant, with resistless force
 She snatch'd the rein, and whirl'd it in the course;
 With eagle-speed pursued th' expected prey,
 Then caught and bore the glorious prize away.
 Here through Reflection's clearer glass display'd
 She marks the mingling streaks of light and shade,
 Observes defects, by cool experience taught,
 And blames with reason, or approves with thought.

WHAT need I Voiture's easier task recite,
 Whose work contracted beams with faultless wit;
 Or paint Racine whose chaste'ned strain improves,
 Or Moliere, sporting with the Smiles and Loves;
 Fontaine, whose wit from Nature's fund was stole,
 Or bold Corneille who storms, and tears the soul.

Lost in the radiance of dissolving light,
 Ten thousand beauties opening on my sight,
 My fainting muse deserts th' unequal theme
 Pleased with some gentler note, and humbler name;

She

deed, that she is rather a translator than an original writer. Few readers however of sensibility will peruse her translation and remarks on the Iliad, or on Aristotle's Art of Poetry, without discovering in both the force of an exact judgment, joined to that feeling of poetic beauty which is so often found to predominate in this amiable sex.

She feels, (the glowing traits confusedly seen)
The heat too piercing, and the ray too keen.

THUS in some fields where Art and Nature join,
(Such are thy gardens Stowe, and Seaton*, thine
Where from yon mount, a plan by Taste design'd,
Reflects an image of the Master's mind ;)
Where'er I look the blush of Beauty glows,
The forest brightens, or the garden blows ;
Groves, streams, and trees their chequer'd pride display,
And melting music steals the soul away.

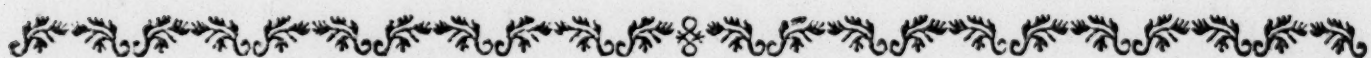
'Tis your's each work of genius to review,
Who know false beauties, and admire the true ;
You blest by nature with superior skill,
An eye to mark them, and an heart to feel,
A soul illumed by Reason's gentle rays,
Serene, not strong, and bright without a blaze ;
Intent to know, and yet polite to please,
Who read with judgement, and who write with ease.
Ev'n mine, a bashful muse untaught and young,
That sports, not warbles in the tuneful throng,
Waked by this theme can strike the trembling strings,
And feebly flutters with unequal wings ;

Q 2

So

* *Such are thy gardens &c. or Sea-* which belongs to a Gentleman near
ton thine] An elegant country seat, Aberdeen.

So some pale flower reclines its drooping head,
 And lies unseen, neglected in the shade,
 Yet touch'd with lightning by the blaze of noon,
 Unfolds its leaves, and blossoms in the sun.



A TOWN ECLOGUE*.

FIR'D with the rage that warms a Coxcomb's mind,
 When curls are awkward, or the fair unkind;
 When spurn'd and kick'd by all the tinsel throng,
 Or, still more dreadful, when a patch is wrong;
 Poor Florio late deplor'd his mighty woe,
 With all the fury of an angry beau.

ALONE, and musing on the wrongs of fate
 Fix'd deep in thought the gloomy Heroe sat;
 One hand his cane sustain'd, (of magic power;)
 One twirl'd his box, but dropt it on the floor:
 'Twas then within the gilded covering hid
 Thy Form Belinda started from the lid.

Paint,

* The incidents mentioned in this piece are wholly fictitious. The Author intended to paint the ridiculous in characters, but not to appropriate the ridicule to particular persons.

Paint, ruffles, lace were call'd to ease his pain,
But ruffles, lace, and paint were call'd in vain.
In vain unhappy ! o'er thy bosom spread
With figured silver flam'd the gay brocade ;
In vain, to rouse thy drooping thoughts, combine
Gums, feathers, patches, plays, novels, and wine :
Unmov'd he stood ;—till struck with fierce despair
He rav'd, he stamp'd, he frown'd, he tore his hair ;
The curls flew loose, and scattering thro' the room,
Exhaled a cloud of powder and perfume.
Thrice ere he spoke, he wiped the swimming eye,
And thrice (ye gods, how strange !) was heard to sigh ;
At last with fury swell'd th' indignant man,
He bit his quivering lip, and thus began.

“ GODS ! have I liv'd to this detested hour,
“ When Passion storms with unresisted power !
“ Baulk'd in my wishes ; from my views remov'd
“ By those who loved me once, or said they lov'd.
“ Was it for this I learn'd these arts before,
“ Dress'd, lov'd, sung, danc'd, fought, whored, rhimed,
“ drunk, and swore.
“ For this I taught the speaking look to kill,
“ And spent whole years at ombre and quadrille ;
“ Fired with a graceful mien th' admiring Fair,
“ And oped the snuff-box with a charming air !

“ Have

“ Have I so long pursued the lovely prize,
“ And felt the lightning of Belinda’s eyes,
“ Patch’d, powder’d, painted, used a clouded cane,
“ Wrote billet-doux, figh’d, ogled ;—all in vain !
“ While at the goal my happier rivals run,
“ (So glittering insects court a summer sun)
“ While these are buzzing in the Charmer’s ear,
“ Am I, and I alone, to feel despair ?
“ Must I be doom’d her vengeance to deplore,
“ By her most hated, whom I most adore ?”

“ YET, how our fond deluding hopes beguile !
“ These eyes have seen the frowning Beauty smile,
“ With charms resplendent flame divinely bright,
“ And warm th’ exulting heart with keen delight.”

“ O could my wish the happier years recall,
“ When once I shone distinguish’d in the ball !
“ Then as I pass’d the pointing circle bow’d ;
“ ’Twas then my dress prescribed the reigning mode.
“ Then crouds with wonder eyed me, as I mov’d,
“ The beaux all envied, and the belles approv’d.
“ Now, sad reverse ! my cares are all return’d
“ With proud disdain, neglected, hiss’d or spurn’d ;
“ They see me wretched, and but laugh the more,
“ Though love invites, and billet-doux implore.”

“ THOUGH once this mien has boasted to inspire,
“ And melt ev’n frozen bosoms with desire ;
“ Though once these eyes, practised in every art,
“ Have charm’d the prude, and trapp’d th’ unwary heart ;
“ Though smooth Persuasion graced my flowing tongue ;
“ Though the soul leap’d with transport, when I sung :
“ Yet, now, ah, now ! my warm addresses prove
“ The blast of pleasure, and the bane of love.
“ Each wondering Booby stares, where e’er I go,
“ As some pale Ghost had left the shades below.”

“ O THOUGHTLESS mortals ! ignorant and dull,
“ Blind to the wise, but partial to the fool ;
“ Who ne’er have learn’d superior worth to find,
“ Nor view those charms that strike the judging mind ;
“ Still prone at Folly’s shrine to pour your blood,
“ Nor taught to value life’s substantial good !
“ On us no more your pointless wit bestow,
“ Your pointless wit can never hurt a Beau.”

ENRAGED, he spoke ; with grief, with ire oppress’d,
His heart beat thick within his roomy breast ;
He damn’d all mankind in a rage, and swore
(Unjust !) that every woman was a w—e.
Plays, paint, novels now met their final doom,
The furious Heroe kick’d them thro’ the room ;

Dashed

Dashed o'er his figured vest the rude bohea,
And tore his favourite patch, and fine toupee.

BUT, lo! at length a fatal billet came!
A fatal billet! with Belinda's name!
Thou lovely cause of all my woes! he cry'd,
Then sigh'd, and swore, and wept, and swore, and sigh'd;
Groan'd, fainted, sunk, then took a last adieu,
And breathed his soul out on the billet-doux.



JUPITER and the CLOWN.

A F A B L E.

ENVY! thou Fiend, whose venom'd sting
Still points to Fame's aspiring wing;
Whose breath, blue sulphur's blasting steam,
Whose eye the basilisk's lightning-gleam;
Say, through the dun ile's solemn round,
Where Death's dread foot-step prints the ground,
Lovest thou to haunt the yawning tomb,
And crush fallen Grandeur's dusty plume?

Or,
3

Or, where the wild Hyæna's yell
Rings thro' the hermit's cavern'd cell,
Moves thy black wing its devious flight?
(Thy wing that bloats the cheek of Night)
There oft beneath some hoary wall
Thy stings are dipt in scorpion's gall;
Thence whizzing springs the forky dart,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

HENCE all th' unnumber'd cares of life,
Hence malice, fury, rapine, strife;
Hence all exclaim on partial fate;
Hence pale Revenge, and stern Debate;
Hence man (to every passion prone)
Sees much, loves all;—but hates his own.

Now, Delia, should she chance to know
Some trifling fool,—perhaps—a beau,
The fair at once implores the skies,
With glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes;
O, hear your Votary's earnest prayer,
Ye guardian angels of the fair!
Make but this charming creature prove
A victim to the power of love:
'Tis this, Ye Gods, I would implore!
And grant but this;—I ask no more.

THE prayer is heard (what power delays
To grant her suit when Delia prays !)
The beau is caught, he swears, and bows,
Protests, and snuffs, and sweats, and vows
By all the oaths the fool can swear,
That never creature was so fair :
Then adds a thousand more, to tell
That never mortal loved so well.

THE prize is gain'd—the pleasure o'er ;
Lace, bag, and snuff-box charm no more :
No bosom feels the killing smart,
No side-long glance betrays the heart,
No fan conceals a rival's fears,
No cheek is stain'd with spiteful tears.
On new delights her passions fix,
A court perhaps, or coach and fix,
She wants a ball, and justly vain,
Admires a title,—or a cane.

BUT ere our reader's patience fail,
'Tis time we now begin our tale.

AN honest Farmer, old and sage,
(Sure wisdom still attends on age)
One morning rose, when all was fair,
And joyous breathed the scented air.

Waked

Waked by the Zephyr's tepid wing,
Aurora, fragrant as the Spring,
Rose from her couch, the busy Hours
Stole from their crimson-curtain'd bowers ;
Loose was her robe of saffron hue,
Her locks diffused ambrosial dew ;
The sky's broad gates at once unfold,
The light cloud flames with cinctured gold ;
The woodland gleams, the silver stream
Waves to the broad sun's fluttering beam ;
The feather'd people sing their love,
And music rings along the grove.

ELATE, the happy clown surveyed
The field wide-opening thro' the shade ;
The green ears rustling to the gale
Shot thro' the thin night's ruffled veil ;
Slow rose to fight the new-born day,
Slow crept the lingering shades away,
'Till o'er the broad hill's summit dun
Obliquely glanc'd the mounting sun ;
And all-illum'd with rushing light,
The swelling landskip burst to fight.

As the fond Mother's panting breast
Throbs o'er her infant hush'd to rest,

Warm in his little hut, the boy
 Flutters elate with rising joy ;
 As by her gentle pressure sway'd,
 Swings soft and slow the sleepy bed ;
 Wild Fancy whispers in her ear,
 She whirls away the rolling year !
 Youth, manhood comes ! she marks afar
 A robe, a mitre, or a f—r !
 Her heart leaps quick ! elate with pride !
 Each prude's insulting dress outvied !
 Each neighbour's booby son, unseen,
 Gnaws the pale lip with fruitless spleen !
 Sudden she starts ! some rival dress'd,
 Swims in the loosely-floating vest,
 Her bosom heaves a sullen groan :—
 Ah ! was that charming suit *my own* !

SUCH joy (soon check'd with killing smart)
 Shot thro' the swain's exulting heart ;
 He hears the reaper's sprightly song :
 The rustling fickle sweeps along ;
 His barns with swelling sheaves are stored,
 Gay Plenty crowns the festive board ;
 He cries in triumph, with a smile,
 " For hopes like these who would not toil,
 " That neither flatter, nor beguile ?"

Just

Just as he spoke the word,—behold
A gaudy thing, o'erlaid with gold,
Came fluttering by!—so nicely clad,
With powder'd wig, and laced brocade;
So gay, so rich (though strange to tell!)
No butterfly look'd half so well.

STRUCK with the glittering vest he wore,
The clown's rude eye-ball stared him o'er;
Sly Envy mark'd the secret snare,
Then pick'd a chosen dart with care;
Of power to edge the quickest pain;—
Then plunged it reeking in his brain.

Inflamed with fury and surprize,
Red Anger flashes from his eyes

“ Must I (he cryed and scratch'd his head)

“ Supply this prattling thing with bread?

“ Must Farmers sweat, and wear their cloaths,

“ To furnish equipage for beaux?

“ We, Drudges doom'd to ceaseless toil,

“ For others tear the stubborn foil,

“ Our thoughts suspense and fears inflame,

“ Wretched and curs'd beyond a name;

“ While these amid' the balmy bower,

“ Spend in soft ease the fleeting hour;—

“ How fine they look! what charms they show,

“ Ah! would to heav'n I was a Beau!”

Soft

SOFT Pity touch'd th' Almighty Sire :
Jove heard, and granted his desire.
At once his furrow'd brow was smooth,
In all the blooming pride of youth ;
His hair in wavy ringlets flow'd,
His cheek with fine vermilion glow'd ;
Not like our modern pigmy race,
With wither'd limbs, and meagre face,
But plump and pruce he'd match'd a score ;
Such were the Beaux in days of yore.
Gay pleasure danc'd in every limb,
He skimm'd along with airy swim ;
The God, propitious to his prayer,
Gave the soft look, and graceful air ;
But wrapt in dreams of bliss, the Fool
Forgot his pocket, and his soul.

WHEN thus transform'd, our glittering Beau
Surveyed himself from top to toe,
Struck at the change with vast surprize,
He stared, and scarce believed his eyes.
But when he found that all was sure,
He cock'd his hat, and frown'd, and swore ;
Applauded by the wondering throng,
The sullen Heroe strode along :
And while the swains in rude amaze
Mark his high port with stupid gaze,

Like
4

Like Jove with solemn pace he trod,
And deign'd,—yet scarcely deign'd,— to nod.

BUT now to town he takes his way,
And fees the court, the park, the play;
Attends the Fair, admir'd by all,
Leads the gay dance, and rules the ball.
“Heav'ns! what a shape! fair Daphne cries,
“How fine his mien! how bright his eyes!”
Thus all admire the charms they see,
His cane that dangled at his knee,
His box and hat they view together,—
Some prais'd the paint, and some the feather;
No english taylor's clumsy fist
E'er match'd the sleeve that graced his wrist;
The lace,—from Bruffels last;—by chance
He pick'd the brilliant up in France.
His coat so trim! so neat his shoe!
His limbs so shaped to strut, or—bow!
Fashion, you'd swear, to show her power,
Had left dear Paris half an hour.

BUT, ah! with grief the muse proceeds:
What power can mend the vulgar's deeds!
One night a coachman set him down,
Then rudely ask'd him—half a crown.

He

He search'd his pocket ;—what a curse ?
 His pocket held—an empty purse !
 What should he do !—all aid withdrawn !
 Cane, box, and watch, were sent to pawn ;
 His brilliant too ('t had vex'd a faint)
 Gained a few crowns—at cent per cent !
 No friend his money can afford :
 He gamed,—a sharper swept the board.

THEN scorn'd by all,—in deep despair,
 To Jove once more he made his prayer,
 And begg'd the God to ease his pain,
 And give him back his plough again.



A N E L E G Y

On the DEATH of a LINNET.

SWEET bird ! whose gently-warbled lay
 On Fancy's trembling pinnions born,
 Still melts th' attending soul away,
 Still hails the rosy-featured morn.

Where

Where flits unloos'd th' aerial mind,
That once inform'd thy tuneful frame?
Mounts it elate the whistling wind?
Or rides the bright noon's streamy flame?

Or on the bleak heath wails alone,
Or haunts the deep-embowering grove,
Breathes on the gale its dying moan,
And pours the plaint of hopeless love?

Hark! what sweet voice salutes my ear!
What solemn note that tells of woe!
I see the little mourner near!
Thus streams its music from the bough.

Why feel the tenants of the plain,
An harmless race, the general doom?
Why Innocence, thy spotless train,
Why left to fill the silent tomb?

Scarce taught with genial warmth to glow,
As on the downy couch I lay;
Sprung on my sight th' exulting foe,
And bore elate his helpless prey.

Nought then avail'd a Parent's pray'r,
Nought the wild Mother's mournful cry ;
Vain was the shriek that spoke despair,
And vain the mute imploring eye.

Ah, why ! in simple garb array'd,
O'er me no spangling tints were seen,
Nor circling scarlet crown'd my head,
Nor flam'd my plumes with lucid green.

Some bird in mantling azure bright,
Some gayer form thy cage may hold ;
Whose sparkling eye reflects the light,
Whose plumage gleams with downy gold.

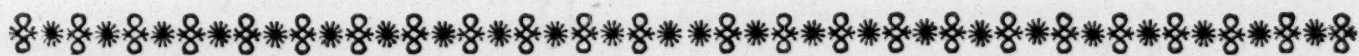
Slow roll'd the lingering hour away,
The trembling wing oft 'try'd to soar ;
Oppression mock'd its faint essay,
And Bondage barr'd her iron door.

Can Music soothe the deafened ear ?
Will Hope's gay dream repel the tide ?
Will Pray'r recal the distant year ?
Or Pity touch the heart of Pride ?

To softer chains at last consign'd,
 'Twas joy to please the listening fair ;
 I fought no more to mount the wind,
 But paid with songs their tender care.

No more a prey to vain desire,
 I scorn'd the tenants of the wood ;
 Hopp'd gaily round the circling wire,
 And peck'd the hand that lent my food.

But, Death!—abrupt along the gale,
 Dy'd on the ear the distant moan ;
 The Mourner fought the silent vale,
 Lurk'd in the shade, and wail'd alone.



AN EVENING PIECE*.

NOW o'er the western skies, descending Eve
 Spread her grey robe, the solitary Hour
 To Silence sacred and deep-musing Thought
 Came sweetly serious on the balmy gale,

S 2

And

* These verses form a part of the introduction of an Allegorical Poem
 not yet published.

And stole the ear of Wisdom:—all was still,
Save where flow-trilling from the mantling bough
Night's plaintive warbler, to the echoing vale
Pour'd her love-labour'd note: mellifluous lay!
Sweet as the voice of Music, when she calls
The fluttering Zephirs to expand their wings,
And breathe it to the soul. The melting strains
Thus soothed my throbbing bosom to a calm.

LED by revolving thought, my wandering steps
Explored the vale of Solitude, retired
Like that where Ancient Druids liv'd remote
Conversing with the moon;—and airy shapes
(So Fame reports) beneath the wan dim ray
Sweep shadowy o'er the dusky lawn, or soar
High on the streamy flame, or ride the winds,
Or hear the murmuring flood; when Darkness wraps
Her cloudy curtain round the world, and Fear
Knocks at the heart of man. Such is the haunt
Of fairy trains, when silver tips the grove;
That on the lilly's ruffling bells disport,
Or hear the wild winds whistle, or reposed
Lye on the daisy's downy lap, or spring
Light as the glancing beam, from flower to flower,
And suck the powdering of a cowslip's eye
And drink the pearly dew.—Thro' this lone shade

Wrapt

Wrapt deep in thought that pain'd at once and charm'd,
I rov'd with devious step; nor heard the rill
That murmur'd sweet, nor listen'd to the gale
That kiss'd the bending thyme, and from its wings
Shook all Arabia's fragrance thro' the air.

I GAZED in awful silence on the scene
Fann'd with the breath of dewy-finger'd Eve;
And felt the stream of deep delightful thought
Come full and copious on my swelling soul
That thrill'd in every nerve.—“ Hail, Ye lone shades,”
(I thus began) “ Ye woods, and streams, and groves
“ Where Beauty loves to sport! where meek-eyed Peace
“ Dissolves on flowers luxuriant, where the foot
“ Of Quiet prints the devious wild, where Love
“ And Pleasure leaning on the hand of Hope
“ Fledge their celestial wings, and eye the skies.
“ O mid yon murmuring wood at ease reclined,
“ Where Nature hears the wildly-warbling lay
“ Of Night's lone bird; how sweet to sit retired!
“ To feel th' enlivening wish, to mount the soul
“ Elate on Fancy's beamy wing; to pour
“ Quick thro' the feeling heart th' inspiring lay,
“ That finely vibrates on the springs of thought,
“ And wakes the mental harmony; the smile
“ Of calm Content, when tuned to perfect ease,

“ Subsides

" Subfides the Discord of the fettleing mind,
 " And Reason whispers peace :—o'er the broad scene
 " To glance a wondering eye, and mark the Cause
 " Whence sprung this beauteous off-spring, to adore
 " The hand that shaped Creation, and from night
 " Call'd new-born Beauty, like the glittering beam
 " That gilds yon shadowy cloud ; combining all
 " The schemes of Wisdom to the glorious end
 " Of General Good (though Judgment's purblind eye
 " Darts o'er the varied maze her glance in vain)
 " That Virtue, Wisdom, Happiness may rise
 " From the long beauteous chain resulting fair,
 " And pour their treasures on the sons of Men."



To Miss———. With a FLOWER.

DELIA, mark that blowing rose,
 How the lovely blossom glows!
 Spread in yon reclining vale
 Its odours scent the breathing gale ;
 Such thy Youth's delightful bloom,
 Thy lips diffuse such fine perfume.

Mark

Mark that lilly's milky white,
See its glowing charms unite!
How they languish o'er the stream,
Pure as Heaven's ethereal beam!
Such where the blue veins finely glow,
Thy hand unstain'd as driven snow;
Such thy life to trial brought,
Such the whiteness of thy thought;
Yet the flower that decks the mead
Soon will droop its tender head;
Soon, when nipping frosts invade,
All its glittering dyes will fade;
Till its leaves in swift decay
Scent some gale, and breathe away.
So when Time, relentless Foe!
Strows his wrinkles on thy brow,
Gloomy Care with mildew'd wing
Soon will blast that blushing spring;
Till ev'n Thou, though form'd to please,
Blest with beauty, wit, and ease;
Though each voice thy worth proclaim,
Though the Graces shaped thy frame:—
Thou,—but I can add no more.—
Read the moral in the flower.

SAPPHO'S ODE to VENUS
TRANSLATED.

GAY smiling *Venus*, heav'nly fair,
To whom our lofty Temples rise!
Who gently lay'st the secret snare,
In which the bleeding lover dies.

Propitious Power, my soul inspire,
And shield from every danger nigh;
Descend, and tune my warbling lyre,
If e'er Thou heard'st a lover's cry.

Thus while I sung, to ease my care
From heav'n the radiant Goddess flew;
I mark'd her track along the air;
Her carr the swift-wing'd sparrows drew.

Then—with a soft inviting smile:
“What fears thy troubled thoughts controul?
“Why call'st Thou Me? What hopes beguile,
“What wishes soothe thy melting soul?

“Why

“ Why is my Fair a prey to woe?
“ Why streams with grief that sparkling eye?
“ Why must thy heaving bosom glow?
“ O tell, my Sappho, tell me why.

“ If of the false deluding youth
“ Thy lyre in dying notes complains,
“ Soon he'll reward thy steady truth,
“ And take the gifts he now disdains.

“ If now He shuns thy longing arms,
“ Soon will he own your mighty sway,
“ Adore these bright resistless charms,
“ And all your soft commands obey.”

O Thou, my Guardian, and my Friend!
Allay these fierce destructive fires!
O from yon azure skies descend!
And grant me all my soul desires.

T

T O

To the Memory of Mrs. ———*.

'T IS done:—the soul hath left its soft abode:
How pale the cheek where warmth and beauty
glow'd!

Where now those charms that held th' admiring fight?
The bloom as heav'n's unclouded azure bright?
Th' attractive smile by Nature taught to please?
The mien that temper'd dignity with ease?
Ah where!—Yon solemn silent vault survey,
Where writhes the reptile o'er its kindred clay;
There read on Pride's stain'd cheek the general doom;
Then pause:—while Memory bleeds upon the tomb.

O SNATCH'D from life to taste of bliss refin'd!
How warm with transport glows th' unbounded mind!
Say, marks thy wondering soul in raptured gaze,
The domes all-gleaming with celestial rays?
Sees the bright Quire in long procession move?
Or melts to notes that breathe eternal love?

Or

* The Lady to whose memory these verses are inscribed, died in the end of the year 1753, and the Poem was wrote and published a few months afterwards. Their merit (if they have any) lies in expressing the language of the heart, a circumstance which induced the Author to make no alteration, unless in a few of the introductory lines.

Or floats loose-hovering on celestial wings?
Or hears some Cherub sweep the trembling strings?
Or tries sublime the swelling Hymn to raise,
And tunes the warbling lute to songs of praise.

PERHAPS, while we th' untimely stroke bemoan,
Thou bend'st adoring at th' Eternal's throne;
While from our eye-balls burst the streams of woe,
Thine happier soul can wonder why they flow;
Or smile, and pitying our mistaken sighs,
Can bless the hour that sent thee to the skies.

YET must our sorrows stain thy mournful bier;
Such sweetness lost demands a tender tear.
Thine was the breast by conscious virtue warm'd,
The heart that pitied, and the look that charm'd;
The beam of wit from sparkling genius brought,
Its fire chafis'd by cool directing thought;
Superior sense, by passion ne'er betray'd,
The kindling transport, and the judging head,
The thought which Art and candid Taste refine;
The generous wish, the feeling soul was thine.

LAMENTED stroke!—O lost so late, so soon!
'Twas heav'n bestow'd, and heav'n recall'd the boon.

But ah, what sighs our throbbing bosoms rend!
 The helpless Orphan, Husband, Father, Friend,
 From bursting hearts the stream of Anguish shed,
 And pour their mingling sorrows o'er thy bed.
 We saw but late the budding roses blow,
 Like fruit that blushes on the bending bough;
 But late th' unfolding blossoms breath'd perfume,
 Till Death slept in, and lopp'd them in the bloom.

YE tender pair!*—as yet untaught to smart,
 Too young to feel the Fiend's envenom'd dart;
 Where now the lenient hand, th' indulgent breast,
 The gentle voice that sooth'd your souls to rest?
 The tender Mother, who but lately near,
 Kifs'd from your swimming eyes the starting tear;
 Who hung delighted o'er your infant charms,
 Who clasp'd you smiling in her folding arms;
 Saw in your look the forming wish begin,
 And hush'd to peace the little war within.

O GUILTLESS Innocence! serene and plain,
 How mild, how welcome thy transporting reign!
 The spotless Child of Harmony and Love,
 Fair as the morn, and harmless as the dove,

That

* Her children.

That views, unmov'd, the deep designs of Art,
Plays with the shaft that's pointed at its heart;
Beholds approaching ruin,—nor retires,
But meets the blow,—then feels it,—and expires.

GRIEF, cool and subtle, forms a bolder plan,
It spares the child, but preys upon the man;
Unseen it moves, the work is sure, though slow,
Thought, treacherous Thought! and Reason join the foe:
Too late th' unhappy victim views his doom,
Laments the past, and dreads the woes to come.

Not thus unhing'd, thy firmer soul survey'd
Th' impending cloud that blacken'd o'er thy head;
On Fortune's giddy wheel look'd greatly down,
Despis'd her smiles, nor trembled at her frown.
Intrepid, fearless when the Foe drew nigh,
Thy bosom heav'd with no untimely sigh;
Then calm reflection steady and sedate,
Then views superior to the wrongs of Fate,
Then heav'n-born Virtue's keen directing ray
Pour'd through the deepning gloom the blaze of day.

So some proud rock projected o'er the tide,
O'erlooks an ocean thundering on its side;

Though

Though gathering billows with collected force
Bound, foam, and roar impetuous in their course;
Though o'er the seas the rapid whirlwinds sweep,
Though storms and tempests *work* the madning deep;
It bears unshaken its erected brow,
Nor dreads the wave that breaks and boils below.

SUCH was thy mind:—but O, how warm, how bright!
The languid pencil casts too faint a light.
Now nobler views th' unprison'd soul inspire.
Rapt by the themes that prompt the Seraph's lyre,
Thy mind elate surveys its former doom;
Supreme o'er death, and smiling at the tomb.

LIFE soon expires, and though 'tis fancy'd long,
Youth dies a child, and Age itself is young:
Pass but one cloudy scene,—'tis quickly done,
We leave the earth, behold the bursting noon,
Mount o'er the skies, reign, triumph, and adore,
Where Grief shall blast, and Death shall sting no more.

T O T H E

M E M O R Y of Mr. H*** M***.

A N E L E G Y.

FAREWEL, sweet shade;—O just beheld and gone!
Lop'd like some blossom ere 'tis fully blown,
Blest with each finer art that boasts to please,
Wit, spirit, genius, beauty, taste, and ease;
Whate'er informing Nature could bestow,
Our pride and hope, our wonder, and our woe.

O EARLY fled to the congenial skies!
Sent like some darting beam that flames and dies!
Some fire-rob'd cloud that pours unusual day,
A glancing flash! then breaks and bursts away.
So shone thy soul;—our wond'ring eyes survey'd
The dazzling ray that brighten'd, gleam'd, and fled.

As in some draught the soft'ning pencil flows,
And the warm blush of living beauty glows;
The mental traits by Nature's pencil wrought,
Improv'd by learning, and refin'd by thought,

As thro' some mirror's vivid medium seen,
Liv'd in thy look, and charm'd us in thy mien.

INFORMING Art bestow'd her genial pow'r,
To warm the soil, and rear the tender flow'r.
Ev'n Fortune smil'd by Reason once controul'd,
And shook her glitt'ring plumes that flam'd with gold;
Pour'd all her stores, and gave thy form to move
With melting sweetness, and the smiles of love.
At last Ambition came!—each young desire
Felt her bold hand, and flam'd with noble fire.
O glorious thirst of praise! dear fatal flame!
That mounts the passions on the wings of Fame,
Like lightning springs to seize th' expected prey,
And strikes the heart, and whirls the soul away.

'Twas this that bore Thee from thy country 'far,
To brave the deep, and court the storm of war:
Ah ne'er again in careless ease to rove!
Ah ne'er to taste the sweets of filial love!
To paint the scenes where rage and war prevail!
To hang thy list'ning audience on the tale!
No more the joys of former loves to trace,
To melt with fondness in a Friend's embrace,
Or, struck with Nature's strong resistless charms,
To spring with transport to a Parent's arms.

O FLED unhop'd to find an early tomb!
O lost untimely in thy vernal bloom!
No tender hand, no weeping kindred near,
No Friend, to stretch Thee on the fun'ral bier;
No Parent's care to fold thy swimming eyes,
Kiss thy pale lips, and catch thy dying sighs,
Hang deeply-mournful, 'till their hearts o'erflow,
And melt in streams of sympathizing woe!
On stony breasts th' infecting sorrow stole,
And soft'ning Pity touch'd the Stranger's soul,
As bending o'er Thee stood the tribes unknown,
Ev'n Toil's rough bosom heav'd a bursting groan;
War's grisly front the masque of Anguish wears,
And Fury's marble heart was thaw'd to tears.

YET whence the grief these solemn scenes inspire?
Why o'er thy mem'ry 'plains the mournful lyre?
Why weep thy fate?—releas'd to heav'nly joys,
From these bleak climes of tumult, care, and noise:
Escap'd from Passion's rage, from Envy's snare,
The dreams of Grandeur, and the stings of care;
From all that Love, Fear, Reason, Grief reveal,
The pangs we fancy, and the pangs we feel.

O EARLY call'd to join th' immortal throng!
Where no pale Care disturbs thy sweeter song;

U

No

No billows roar, no damp Contagions * rise,
 No frown appears o'er all the cloudless skies;
 But from the source of light, a brightning ray
 Pours the warm sunshine of eternal day;
 Angelic harps the springs of transport move,
 And the soul melts in vision, and in love.

FROM thence, perhaps, thy pitying eye descries,
 What once Ambition thought a glorious prize;
 Looks down superior on th' unequal strife;
 And marks us struggling thro' the storm of life.
 So when the distant Mariner surveys
 The low'ring tempest, and the boiling seas;
 O'er their black bosom sees the whirlwind rave!
 And the ship nodding on the ridgy wave!
 He breathes the sigh of Pity o'er the scene,
 Then mid' the roar of thunder sits serene;
 Peace waves her gentle olives o'er his head,
 And his clos'd eyes sleep sweetly in the shade.

* This young gentleman (the only hope of a family of distinction in the North of Scotland) died of a contagious distemper on board of the fleet commanded by admiral BYNG, in which he was early promoted, as the reward of his gallant behaviour on the memorable 20th of May, 1756.

To the Memory of the late pious and ingenious Mr. HERVEY.

AS rapt in thought the musing mind survey'd
The vain of life, and walk'd the deepning Shade;
O'er Care's broad empire casts its trembling view,
And mark'd the flying traits that Fancy drew:
Her magic hand at once transform'd the scene,
And show'd the spot where HERVEY sleeps serene;
Stretch'd where lone Silence haunts the solemn gloom,
Where Thought's keen eye explores the peaceful tomb,
Where Pleasure's glitt'ring dreams at last are o'er,
And Love's soft music charms the soul no more.

THRILL'D as I view'd, the streaming tears o'erflow,
From the big bosom bursts the sighs of woe:
Her friend now lost * who taught the muse to sing,
Check'd her wild flight, and prun'd her trembling wing,
Whose candid praise with eager hope inspir'd,
Whose censure chasten'd, and whose genius fir'd;
Abash'd she stood,—her bold essays were vain,
Nor tun'd the harp, nor pour'd the plaintive strain.

U 2

WHEN

* This and the five subsequent lines allude to some personal favours which the Author had the honour to receive from Mr. HERVEY.

WHEN lo! unfolding from the blaze of light!
 A Form all-beauteous flash'd upon the sight!
 The robes of heav'n involv'd his dazzling frame,
 And his eyes sparkled with celestial flame:
 High o'er his brow the waving radiance play'd,
 An orient crown inclos'd his beamy head;
 His lip with Beauty's fine vermilion glow'd,
 And flow'rs spontaneous blossom'd as he trod.
 'Twas *GENIUS*:—pausing o'er the sacred dead,
 His bright eye languish'd, and the roses fled,
 His moan remurmur'd o'er the echoing vale,
 His heav'n-wove robe hung loosen'd on the gale;
 He snatch'd the lyre, and pour'd the melting lay
 That strikes the heart, and charms the soul away;
 Dull Night sat list'ning on her cloud-wrapt throne,
 And white-lip'd Anguish curb'd the bursting groan;
 On Care's wild thought the tuneful accents flow,
 And sounds melodious thrill'd the ear of woe.

“ O CALL'D at last th' ALMIGHTY's praise to sing!
 “ Where oft thy genius tow'r'd with daring wing!
 “ Plac'd where no cares th' exulting with controul!
 “ Blest with the joys that fir'd thy kindling soul!
 “ Though smiles no more the placid eye serene,
 “ Nor rove the Graces o'er some pictur'd scene;
 “ Though

“ Though snatch’d from all thy boundless hope design’d,
“ When Life’s full summer warm’d thy ripening mind :
“ Yet not these themes the plaintive muse detain,
“ Thy friend, thy country claims the mournful strain ;
“ Since lost each nobler plan thy soul had wrought,
“ Since stopt the stream of sweet persuasive thought,
“ Fled the bright noon thy bursting blaze had giv’n,
“ And mute the voice that wrapt the soul to heav’n.

“ STROW’D o’er thy page what beauteous traits appear !
“ What melting music steals the list’ning ear !
“ ’Twas I whose pow’r the living picture caught,
“ ’Twas I whose pencil ting’d the glowing draught :
“ Thro’ *Death’s black gloom* I trac’d thy dubious way,
“ That kindred gloom, where Fancy loves to stray !
“ Then led thee, circled with the laughing hours,
“ Where sport young Zephyr o’er the waste of flow’rs ;
“ With richer strokes the warm description wrought,
“ And touch’d with transport all the springs of thought.
“ Mine was the ray on *Night’s dim curtain* thrown,
“ And mine the glass where gay *Creation* shone ;
“ Mine the bold wing that shot where *Tempests* rise,
“ And mine the flight that reach’d *the starry skies*.”

He ceas’d :—for sudden on the wond’ring gaze,
From heav’n’s broad concave burst the rapid blaze !

At

At once descending from the realms on high,
 An angel-shape arrests the dazzled eye!
 Loose o'er her limbs the floating garment roll'd,
 Her sparkling pinions flam'd with beamy gold,
 Her eyes like lightning glanc'd a piercing ray,
 And all th' illumin'd æther gleam'd with day!
 Near as she came, superior though resign'd,
 Her Form majestic aw'd the dubious mind;
 With heighten'd grace her bloomy features glow'd,
 Free on her robe the mazy ringlets flow'd;
 Her balmy breath ambrosial scents perfume,
 And o'er her cheek was pour'd celestial bloom.
 Pale Sorrow brightned as *RELIGION* came,
 And slow-pac'd Time stood trembling at the name;
 Rage dragg'd in triumph swell'd her solemn train,
 And Death behind her groan'd, and clank'd his chain.

SHE paus'd,—and musing o'er the fun'ral bier,
 Sigh'd deeply-fad, and pour'd a tender tear;
 Then check'd its course; and brightning as the sun
 She look'd to heav'n serene, and thus begun:

“ HAIL, thou escap'd to yonder worlds above;
 “ Hail, join'd to saints that melt in strains of love!
 “ At last 'tis come! the bright transforming day!
 “ Th' exulting spirit bursts, and soars away!

“ Loofe are its bars ! and gain'd th' immortal prize,
“ It breathes of heav'n sublime, and walks the skies !
“ But late my hand yon beauteous fcenes display'd,
“ And led thy fteps thro' Life's perplexing fhade ;
“ The vivid wifh a diftant profpect brought,
“ The rapt foul trembling o'er the verge of thought !
“ Yet then what tranfport taught thy hope to foar !
“ How flam'd the kindling look that glanc'd it o'er !
“ How Fancy's touch the glowing draught refin'd !
“ And light celestial pour'd upon the mind.”

“ A RACE unborn thy genius fhall infpire,
“ And fouls yet dark'ned catch fublime defire.—
“ When to thy page, in fome fequefter'd bow'r,
“ Calm mufing Thought devotes the ferious hour :
“ Juft when Afpafia's ftrain has warm'd the breaft,
“ When Quiet foothes the fettling foul to reft ;
“ Then fhall my hand fuperior pow'r impart,
“ Then Love's perfuafive lay fhall melt the heart ;
“ Then fhall Religion's pureft beams be giv'n :
“ Now reft in Peace.”—She faid, and foar'd to heav'n.

THE
Third Chapter of HABAKKUK
PARAPHRASED.

WRAPT in the blaze of bright surrounding flame,
From Paran's lofty brow th' ALMIGHTY came:
All heav'n with terror view'd His rising frown,
His dazzling eyes with living splendor shone,
Blaz'd the blue arch! th' eternal portals glow!
Each rocking mountain bow'd, and groan'd below!
A troop of ghastly phantomes strode before,
Blue blasting Plague, and War that floats in gore;
Loud Fury, roaring with tumult'ous cries,
And frantic Pain that tears her burning eyes;
Revenge, that boils like some fermenting flood,
Grief that consumes, and Rage that weeps in blood.

ON Judah's broad domain He cast His view;
His eyes all-radiant piercing as He flew!
Then mark'd its bound, and with one stern command
Th' affrighted nations shook, and swept them from the land.
Then heav'n-bred Terror seiz'd on ev'ry soul,
And rock'd the labouring earth from pole to pole;

Creation totter'd at the dreadful sound !
Groan'd all the hills ! and burst the solid ground !
The sweeping winds each tow'ring mountain bear
Full on their wings, and whirl them in the air !

ON CUSHAN'S tents He aim'd a fatal blow,
And Midian trembled at th' Almighty Foe.
He call'd the deep :—its tumbling waves obey ;
Th' astonish'd flood roll'd back to make Him way !
Whence rose His ire ? did ere the flood displease
Its God ?—or raged His fury on the seas ?
When Israel's wond'ring hosts JEHOVAH led,
Why shrunk the backward rivers to their head ?
Why roar'd the Ocean from its inmost caves ?
What arm repress'd, and froze the boiling waves ?
O'er its broad bosom heav'n's Eternal rode,
The waves divide before th' advancing God !
In heaps the cleaving billows lay o'erthrown,
He stopp'd their course, and touch'd them into stone !

Lo, where he comes !—descending from afar
In all the pomp of desolating war !
His cloudy brow with frowning vengeance low'rs,
And bursting round the forky thunder roars.
See His red arm unsheaths the shining spear !
The glitt'ring blade hangs naked in the air !

It rends the rock!—from all its gushing veins
 A swelling deluge bursts, and pours along the plains.
 Hark, He commands!—obedient to His will,
 The pale Moon quakes, th' arrested Sun stands * still!
 Earth hears and shakes, devouring tempests rise,
 Thick clouds and whirlwinds blacken all the skies;
 Tremble the poles!—in wild confusion thrown
 Sink the steep Hills,—th' eternal Mountains groan.

WHAT dire portents my wond'ring soul affright!
 What scenes of terror swim before my sight!
 See mighty Babylon (so heav'n ordains)
 The scourge of God! stalks wildly o'er our plains!
 Sweeps like some swelling flood our hosts away,
 Or swift as lightning springs, and grasps the prey.

YET fear not, Israel, at his dreadful ire;
 Thou fav'rite child of heav'n's exalted Sire!
 What though pale Rage, in her triumphant car,
 Drives o'er thy fields, and sounds the blast of war!

What

* The Author is sensible that there may appear some impropriety in this sentiment, as it is *seemingly* repugnant to the system of COPERNICUS. He chose however to prefer this meaning of the words to any other, as it is *exactly conformable* to the original, and as it may be supposed to refer only to the motion of the sun round his own axis.

What though thy warriors load the purple plain !
Though bellowing Slaughter strides o'er heaps of slain !
Though Horror numbs thy sense, and freezes ev'ry vein !
'Tis thus thy God makes boasted might subside,
Thus spurns His foes, and bends the brow of pride :
Yet know, those wounds avenging Justice gave,
Stern Ire impell'd, but Mercy meant to save.
Triumphant Mercy ! that exalts the low,
Sighs o'er th' oppress'd, and melts at human woe !
Wipes ev'ry tear, bids pining Anguish cease ;
And pours o'er all the healing balm of peace.

BUT see once more th' intrepid Victor near !
The shouts of battle thunder on my ear !
Mark, mark yon yielding throng !—'tis Israel flies !
Groans, noise, despair, and tumult rend the skies.
I faint : o'erpow'r'd beneath the whelming flood,
Wild numbing Grief congeals my creeping blood ;
I see, I shudder at th' approaching train !
My lips too quiver with convulsive pain :
Fix'd dumb with horror at this dreadful blow,
I stand,—a speechless monument of woe !

YET, Mighty God !—be all my pow'rs resign'd !
And thine each nobler hope that warms the mind.

Then

Then though no more to crown the peasant's toil,
 The bleeding olive stream with sacred oil;
 Though figs no more their leafy tendrils join,
 Though scorching lightning blast the budding vine;
 Though the rough steed lie panting on the plain,
 Nor wave th' autumnal fields with golden grain:
 Yet shall my soul thy wond'rous grace proclaim,
 Yet this fond heart shall triumph in thy name.
 When o'er the earth Thou wav'st th' avenging rod,
 When Nature trembles at an angry God;
 When the bold breast, with terror not its own,
 Shakes at thy voice, and withers at thy frown;
 Then by no storms dismay'd, no fears deprest,
 In Thee my soul shall find perpetual rest;
 O'er me secure thy hov'ring wings shall spread,
 And Sleep's mild opiate bless my peaceful bed*.

* The Reader will easily observe that this chapter hath been paraphrased with some liberty. The beauties of it are thick sown. The expression is uncommonly sublime, the figures bold, the painting rich, and the description animated. The Author hath enlarged on some verses, transposed

or even *omitted* others, and given such a turn to the rest, as may convey most perspicuously the meaning of the Prophet. Upon the whole, he hath endeavoured to paint some *striking features*; but where he found it impossible in *any measure* to equal, he had not the temerity of attempting to imitate.

F



S.